

TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

annual 1976



Authorised edition
as seen on

BBC tv

CONTENTS

Stories	page
Terror Task Force	4
Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!	16
Nightmare	33
Timechase	54
Strip Stories	
Planet of Serpents	22
Flood!!!	43
Features	
The Fantastic Space Craft	11
Mark 7 Humanoid Robot	12
Dalek Genius	14
Sci-Fi Film Quiz	28
Anti-Dalek Force Aptitude Tests	29
Intercept	38
The Prophets of Space	40
Selectaword	42
Earth-Skaro Timescale	49
Cryptography	50

Spacewords	52
Man and Myth	53
Timepassers	62
The Island of Sezam	63

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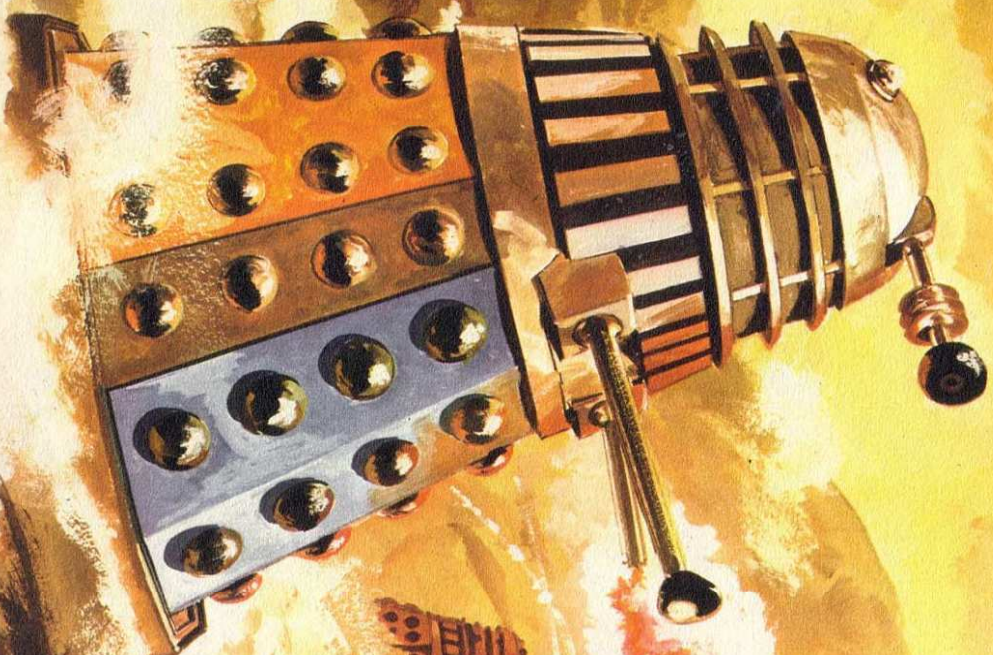
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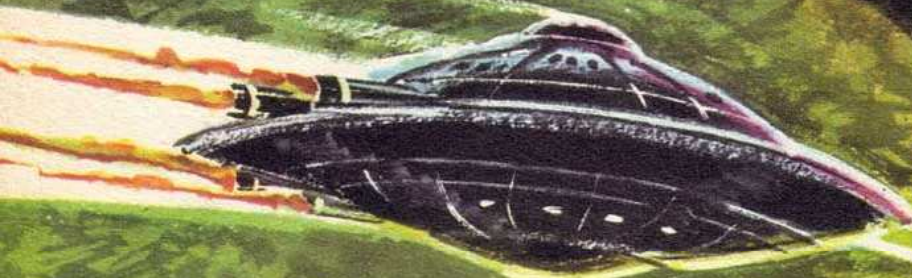
DALEK

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£1.00

TERROR TASK FORCE



The waiting room was situated some two thousand feet beneath the surface of Mars in the very heart of the United Planets Defence Complex. It was a comfortable room with pale grey walls and soft blue chairs, designed to put visitors at their ease and make them feel relaxed. But Joel Shaw felt anything but relaxed as he waited to be summoned into the office of the Supreme Commander.

Only a month before he had been holidaying on a remote tropical island in the Venusian Sea when a terse message arrived ordering him to report to Mars immediately. A Space Racer Rocket was standing by to transport him.

He arrived on Mars and was whisked away to Area Nine, the planet's top secret training zone. There followed four weeks of the most gruelling physical and mental action he had ever experienced. Day and night he was exposed to simulated battle conditions, using real weapons and live ammunition. Whenever there was a pause in the War Games he was subjected to crash courses on Space Theory, Communications, Weaponry, Navigation and a dozen other complex subjects.

Shaw underwent this rigorous routine with about one hundred men and women, none of whom had any idea about the reason for their training. The instructor officers refused to answer any of their questions. Then this morning had come the order to report to the Supreme Commander.

Two other trainees received the same order. One, a beautiful Martian girl named Reb Shavron, the other, a man called Mark Seven. Shaw had met both of them a few times during training but knew nothing about them.

Shaw glanced across at Reb. She was looking at a tri-dimensional space map on the wall. The fingers of her left hand were drumming against her leg, the only sign that betrayed her apparent calm. Mark Seven was the only one who looked genuinely relaxed.

The inner door opened and an aide peered out. "The Supreme Commander will see you now."

They lined up in front of the desk and saluted the grey-haired man who stood at the other side.

"Sit down," he said. "Make yourselves comfortable." His voice was weary. His eyes blood-shot, as though he had not slept for a week.

"You'll want to know why you've been going through the toughest training course we could

devise," he said crisply. "Alright. The hundred people you've been working with were selected by the Population Computer. All of you are physically and mentally above normal. Each of you also has some special quality or skill. Despite that, only half the intake has passed the tests to our satisfaction. Of those that remained you three have shown exceptional aptitudes."

The Supreme Commander paused for a moment then he went on. "Things are going very badly in the Dalek wars. They're beating us in every war zone in the galaxy."

Shaw interjected quickly, his voice surprised. "But I thought we were winning. I saw a report just the other day about a big space battle where our ships totally wiped out a Dalek task force."

The Commander nodded grimly. "That's true," he said, "but the report didn't mention the twenty battles we've lost. It didn't say anything about the successful Dalek invasions of over two hundred of our space bases. Our propaganda machine makes sure you only hear the good news."

The Commander continued. "We have decided that we can no longer afford the men or machines to fight these huge pitched battles. We have to change our tactics. What we need is a small, highly mobile force that can hit hard and move fast. A strike unit. A space commando that can smash Dalek bases; destroy their communication centres; smash their factories; wipe out their bases." He waited for a moment to let the words sink in, then he said, "That is what you have been training for. You and the remaining fifty trainees are my assault group."

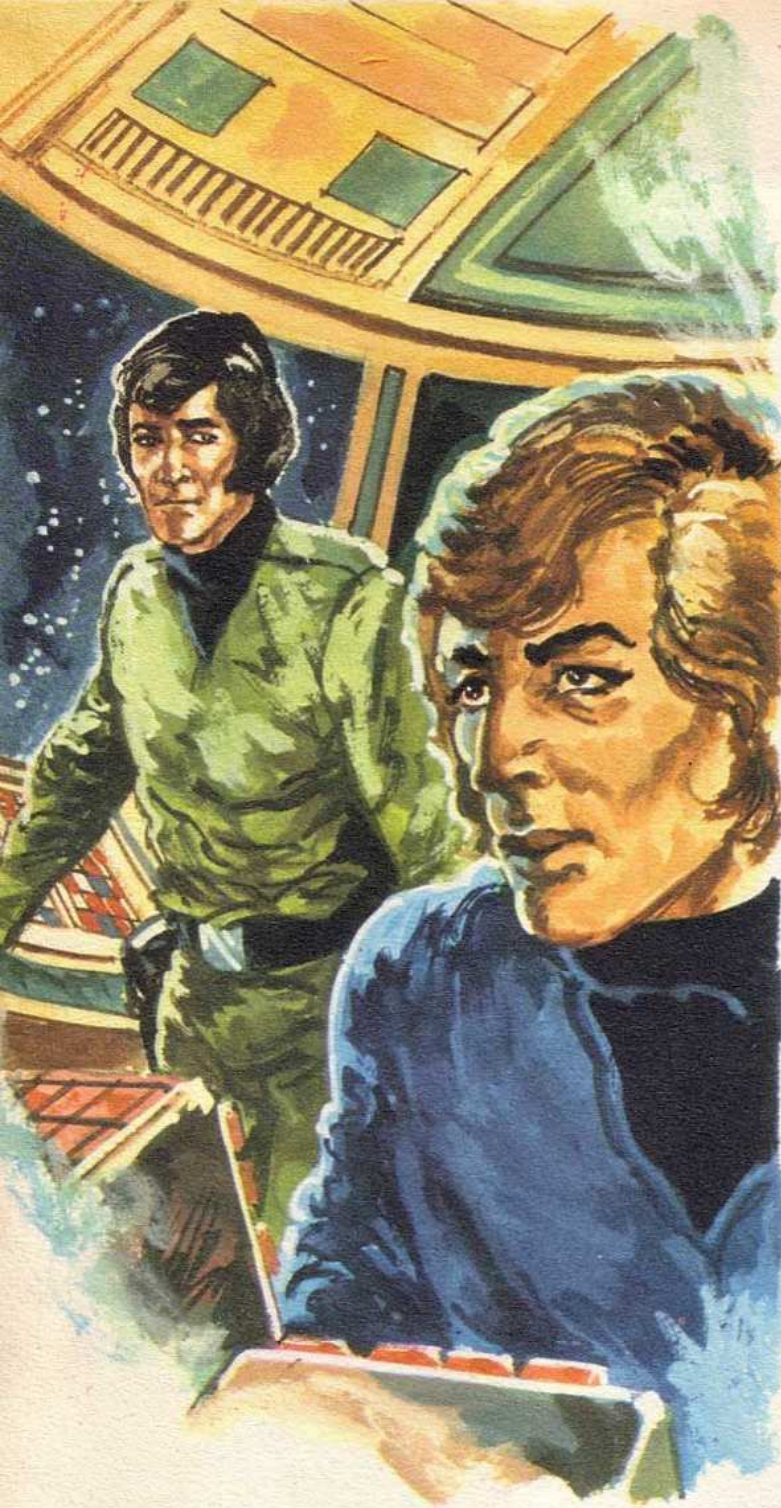
The grey-haired man walked around his desk and stood in front of Shaw. "You will command the group with the rank of Space Major." He looked toward Reb and Mark Seven. "You two will be jointly second in command. Break your force down into any grouping you want. Appoint your own officers. You'll get all the help and hardware you want. Your group will be called the Anti-Dalek-Force. ADF for short. You'll be totally independent and take orders from no-one but me. Is that understood?"

Mark Seven asked in a quiet voice: "Sir, when do we start?"

The Commander glanced up. His voice cold. "You already have. By this time tomorrow you'll be in action. Dismissed."

The events of the next twenty-four hours were incredible. What had to be done was impossible and yet they did it. The Anti-Dalek-Force came to life. Weapons and ships were organised. Every





person was given a job and each knew exactly what he or she was responsible for. Fifty separate identities were welded together into an iron fighting machine. Now all that was needed was to test the machine and see if it worked.

The one thing that certainly did work was the association of Joel Shaw, Reb Shavron and Mark Seven. The three seemed to have an instant rapport. Each appeared to know what the other was thinking without having to ask questions.

Shaw felt slightly bewildered. It seemed fantastic that in so short a time he should be seated in the command chair on the flight deck of a deep space rocket. He allowed no trace of his bewilderment to show on his face as a young navigation officer crossed to him and reported: "We're

flying a zig-zag course to Skaro. Estimated time of arrival six six six."

Shaw nodded curtly. "Thank you."

He rose and crossed to a chart table where Reb, Mark and the other newly appointed unit leaders were studying a sky map.

He waited until he had the attention of all of them, then in a quiet voice he announced, "I want our first mission to be something the Daleks will remember for a long time. A direct bombing attack on their capital city."

Mark Seven spoke for all of them. His voice calm as he listed the facts. "There has been no raid on the Dalek capital for a hundred years. Their missile defence and 'sky-spy' system is impenetrable. Any ship that comes within a thousand miles of Skaro will be blasted out of the sky."

Shaw nodded. "That's why the 'sky-spy' system has to be knocked out before we strike," he said. Speaking in a low voice he outlined his plan. When he finished there was a long silence. "Then if everybody knows exactly what to do, we'll get started."

Mark Seven sat at the controls of the Ferry Saucer. He glanced toward Shaw who nodded and ordered, "Take us in."

Reb and Shaw stared intently at the scanners. A tiny glowing dot at the centre of the screen grew rapidly larger. It was the planet Skaro.

"We're going to be in range of their missiles any moment now," Shaw said.

"Dalek missiles are deadly accurate," Reb said nervously. "They'll blow us to pieces."

"That's what I want the Daleks to think," Shaw answered. "We'll let the missiles get within a mile of us, then fire our space torpedos. The missiles will explode so close to us that the Daleks will think they've scored a direct hit."

Reb gulped. "And if our torpedos miss?"

Shaw shrugged. "Then you won't even have time to say goodbye."

Reb saw them first. Two tiny blips of light streaking across the screen. "Here they come," she said. Her mouth was dry. The missiles were homing toward them with unerring accuracy.

"I'll take the one on the left," Shaw said.

Reb nodded and concentrated on her target. By now she could clearly see the fierce glow of exhaust fumes blasting from its tail.

The missiles were converging on the saucer from two sides, travelling at unbelievable speed.

Mark Seven watched his instruments, his face impassive as he held the saucer on a straight course.

Now every detail of the missiles' savage looking warheads could be clearly seen on the scanner.

"Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five . . . Fire-fire-fire!!!"

The saucer juddered as the torpedos launched. In the next instant the ship was caught in a tornado of blast as the torpedos hit their targets and the missiles exploded.

Mark Seven battled with the controls as the saucer was whirled out of control in a maelstrom of shock waves. Reb and Shaw were thrown helplessly back and forth across the flight deck. Damage warning lights flickered across the control panel as sensors detected hull plates buckled and external equipment torn away by the force of the explosion.

Slowly, as the blast diminished, the sturdy little ship began to respond to the controls.

"Put her into spiral fall," Shaw yelled.

Seven nodded and made the saucer twist and turn like a falling leaf.

"Hit the smoke," Shaw ordered.

Far far below on the planet Skaro the would-be conquerors of the Universe watched their observation screens. The Daleks saw the saucer tumble out of the pall of vapour and twist down, leaving a trail of scarlet smoke. Its hull began to glow red as it fell into Skaro's atmosphere.

"Intruder-craft-destroyed!" grated the commanding Dalek. "Computer-calculates-it-will-crashland - in - section - four - near - main - city - entrance. Dalek - patrol - to - converge - on - area - to - search - for - survivors."

"Stand by for impact," Seven said.

They braced themselves, and a moment later the saucer bounced and rolled and made three complete somersaults before it finally came to rest on the soft sands of Skaro, its graceful silver hull now scorched and distorted.

Mark Seven stepped out and stared around, then he turned to help Reb and Shaw clamber down beside him. They looked at the wrecked machine. "That looks like a genuine enough crash, doesn't it?" Reb said.

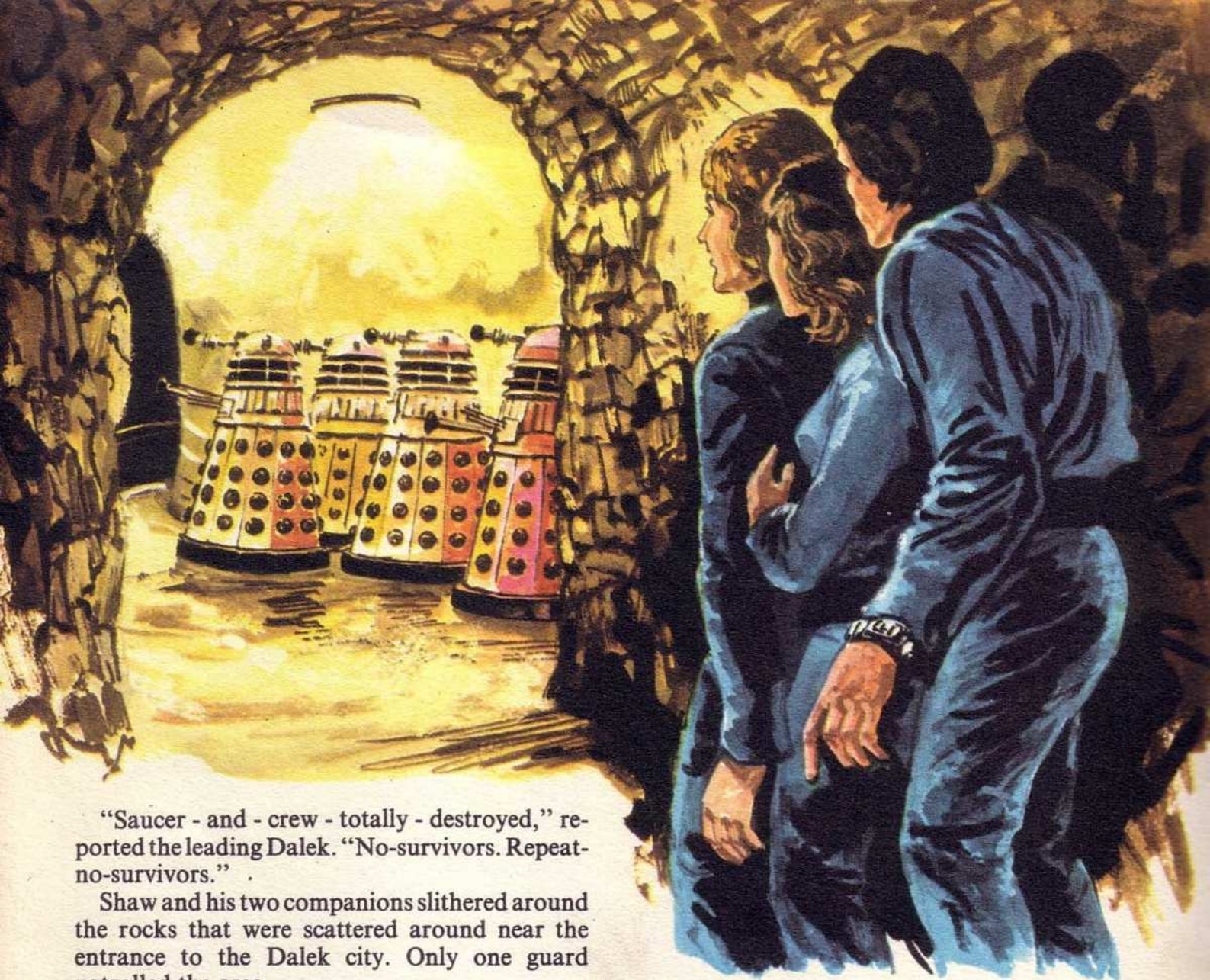
"Just so long as the Daleks think so," Shaw answered. "But just to be sure they're convinced there are no survivors."

He drew his laser pistol and set its dial to maximum then fired a long blast at the saucer. The ship glowed and then burst into fierce flame. In ten seconds it was an inferno.

The trio made off at a half run, heading towards the city.

They made their escape only just in time. A six-Dalek patrol hurried into the area. Their cyclops eyes surveyed the burning wreckage carefully.





"Saucer - and - crew - totally - destroyed," reported the leading Dalek. "No-survivors. Repeat-no-survivors."

Shaw and his two companions slithered around the rocks that were scattered around near the entrance to the Dalek city. Only one guard patrolled the area.

"The Daleks are so confident about their defence system they don't even bother to mount a full guard," Shaw whispered. "Get ready to move."

He picked up a fist-sized piece of rock and, taking aim, tossed it far across to their left. It rattled among some bushes.

The Dalek guard became suddenly alert at the sound and glided toward it to investigate.

In the instant its back was turned, Shaw, Reb and Seven darted forwards across the open space and into the opening of the tunnel that would lead them to the heart of the Dalek city. Gasping for breath they halted in a shadowy alcove.

Shaw grinned at his companions. "Right. We're in," he said. "And our big advantage is that the Daleks don't even know we're alive." He turned and started to lead the way along the tunnel.

In the city a group of four Daleks glided across the junction of a corridor. They saw nothing of the three people pressed back in the shadows.

As the Daleks vanished Reb breathed a sigh of relief. "There are hundreds of them."

Shaw nodded and beckoned them to follow him. As they moved he said, "According to my calculations the 'sky-spy' and missile launch room should be on the next level. If we can get there unseen we have a chance of pulling off this mission."

Eventually they emerged from the tunnel to find themselves in a broad concourse.

Crouching low and staying near the wall, the three friends groped their way towards a door.

Shaw tried it. It was firmly locked. Shaw glanced at his watch, having to put it close to his face to see the time. "Our command rocket will be starting on its bombing run in thirty seconds. If the defence system isn't knocked out in that time they won't have a hope!"

"Then what are we waiting for?" Seven said and leapt to his feet.

Shaw and Reb watched with astonishment.

Mark Seven slid his fingers through the narrow

gap beneath the door and took a firm grip. Then he heaved. The door creaked, the metal buckled and the whole thing twisted away from the frame. It was a feat of super-human strength.

There was no time for Shaw to consider how Seven had managed this act because the Daleks inside the room were already turning and levelling their guns.

Reb fired a quick laser blast, spraying the room.

Shaw bounded forward, unbuckling his explosive charges as he went.

Seven and Reb grabbed a Dalek from the rear and, using it as a shield, cannoned it into two others. The confusion they were causing gave Shaw time to pull the fuse and toss the belt across the vast metal casing of the 'sky-spy' machine.

"Down!" Shaw yelled and threw himself on the floor.

Seven and Reb did the same at the very moment that the explosives belt detonated.

The blast lifted Daleks into the air, tumbling them like ninepins, hurling them bodily through the open doorway, where they crashed amongst other Daleks who were coming to their aid.

The smoke, confusion and noise was fantastic. Dalek voices shouted orders and counter orders.

When finally Shaw risked raising his head he allowed himself a grin of satisfaction. The whole 'sky-spy' system was in ruins. A smoking maze of tangled wires and shattered scanner screens. It was utterly destroyed. He turned and the smile left his lips.

Ranged across the open doorway was a line of Daleks, their weapons unwaveringly covering the trio.

"You - will - throw - down - your - weapons." They did as they were told. "You - will - proceed - to - the - interrogation - area. Any - attempt - to - escape - and - you - will - be - exterminated."

The Daleks prodded and shoved them out of the room and across the main concourse.

The Daleks chose Reb for their first victim. Electrodes were fastened to her face and hands, then the Dalek interrogator started his questions.

"What - was - your - plan - in - attacking - our - sky-spy-system?"

Reb stayed silent.

"Answer-answer-answer!" the Dalek croaked. "Answer-answer-answer."

Still Reb said nothing.

The interrogator gave a signal to a Dalek at a control panel. It operated a dial. Reb's whole body contorted with pain.

"Answer-answer-answer!"

"Leave her alone," Shaw shouted, and tried to move towards her. A Dalek shoved him backwards.

At the control panel the Dalek increased the power until Reb was writhing in unendurable pain.

Then, quite suddenly, when it seemed she must crack up, the whole room appeared to shake and vibrate. There was a distant and muffled roar like thunder. It was followed by a second and a third.



The Daleks were thrown into a panic. An almost hysterical voice screamed from the loudspeakers, "City - under - bombing - attack. All - units - move - to - safety - of - lower - levels - immediately. Under - attack. Under - attack. Under - attack."

"That's what our plan was!" shouted Reb in triumph.

There was another fantastically powerful explosion. Part of the roof came crashing around them, crushing one of the Daleks.

"Now is our chance," Shaw called to Seven.

They jumped forward and tore the electrodes off Reb and, supporting her between them, dragged her from the room.

They raced through the tunnels towards the exit while the bombing continued. So dazed and confused were the Daleks that no attempts were made to stop them. Shaw began to think that with luck they might still have a chance of survival. Then, as they came within sight of the main entrance, his hopes were dashed. Two Daleks stood blocking their way. The Daleks raised their weapons.

The three fugitives halted. Then, taking everybody by surprise, Mark Seven launched himself forward with the speed and power of a rocket.

A Dalek fired, hitting Mark in the left arm and shoulder. Shaw saw the arm fall helplessly to his side, but still Mark continued and hurled

himself at the Daleks. The force of the impact sent one of the Daleks spinning back.

With his good right arm Mark tore the gun from the second Dalek then, using incredible strength, hurled it onto its side. He turned his attention back to the first Dalek, but before he could reach it the creature fired another blast. The charge hit Mark full in the chest. Shaw knew that no living creature could survive that, but the sheer impetus of Mark's attack carried him on to topple the Dalek.

Mark fell with it and lay still.

Shaw and Reb knelt beside his lifeless body. Shaw knew it was hopeless, but dead or alive he was determined not to leave his friend here in the Dalek city. He lifted the limp form onto his shoulder.

The big command rocket was waiting at the pre-arranged rendezvous. They blasted off quickly before the Daleks could mount a counter attack. Everyone in the crew congratulated everyone else, their pride and satisfaction with their success marred only by the loss of Mark Seven.

When they were safely in space Shaw ordered a microphone and had the transmitter tuned to a channel that he knew the Daleks would receive. The whole crew listened to his short speech.

"This is Space Major Joel Shaw calling the Daleks. I just want you to know that you were raided by the best fighting force in the galaxy. It was just the beginning. You're going to be hearing a lot more of the ADF." He clicked off the circuit.

Wearily Shaw got to his feet and made his way through the big ship to the de-briefing room.

Reb was alone inside, making her report into a recording machine.

Shaw added his own report and then they sat silently. Each knew that the other was thinking about the courage of Mark Seven; about his astonishing strength; about his sacrifice.

Behind them the door clicked quietly open. Reb glanced casually over her shoulder and then gave a shocked reaction. Shaw turned. He blinked.

Standing at the door was Mark Seven. He smiled at them. "Sorry I was so long," he said. "The android expert didn't have all the spare parts he needed, so he had to patch me up with bits and pieces. I imagine I'll hold together until I can have a proper job done in the robotics laboratory."

"Robotics laboratory?" Shaw said in wonder.

"Of course," Mark Seven answered. "I thought you knew." He sat down. "I'm a mark seven totally humanoid robot and, as you know, we robots take a lot of killing."





THE FANTASTIC SPACE CRAFT

It has been seen and photographed
by Astronauts in space.

It certainly does not look like
the popular idea of a space craft.

It is not a gleaming metal hull.

Colour pictures show it has a slightly bluish tinge
and that its surface is battered and crusty.

Not surprising when you consider it is somewhere
around four thousand five hundred million years old.

By space standards it is quite tiny,
but in the way you and I judge such things it is enormous.

It weighs 5,887,613,230,000,000,000,000 tons.

(Try writing that figure in words.)

It has a surface area of 196,950,000 square miles.

Its orbital speed through space is over sixty-six thousand miles per hour
and it rotates on its own axis at roughly one thousand miles an hour.

Its surface temperature varies widely.

It ranges between, at its highest: 136.4 F (58.0 C)
and its lowest —126.9 F (—88.3 C).

It patrols through space in a fairly regular orbit
completing its circuit every 578,556,000 miles.

It carries a vast cargo of humanoid beings.

It is calculated that by the year 2000
they will number over six thousand millions.

They will be regularly taking a journey through space
that takes three hundred and sixty-five days,

five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-six seconds to complete.

Have you guessed the name of this incredible space craft?

It is our own planet . . . EARTH.

1. (EYES)

Robotic eyes are high powered precision lenses with close up zoom capability. They transmit visual images which are interpreted by the 'Compubrain'.

2. (EYELIDS)

The eyelid is in fact a special filter that allows infra-red vision in totally dark conditions.

3. (EARS)

Hearing sensors: ultra sensitive microphones that detect the most minute sounds at considerable range.

4. (NOSE)

Atmospheric analyser: this device is able to detect dangerous gases, check air oxygen content and can be used for tracking by scent.

5. (MOUTH)

This houses the 'vocalizer' unit which converts sound impulses into speech. The lips are synchronized to the sounds to totally simulate human speech.

6. (SKIN)

The 'skin' of the Mark Seven Humanoid Robot is made from Plastograft. Warm to the touch, it is extremely tough, being both fire and damage resistant. It is interwoven with a fine mesh of micro thin wires that act like nerves and give it a sense of touch.

7. (THROAT)

Synthesizer: contains a memory bank of speech sounds which can be permuted into language or dialect. In effect this device allows the robot to converse in more than four hundred different languages.

8. (CHEST)

Compubrain: the very heart of the Humanoid Robot is a miniaturised computer unit that contains millions of micro-cell intelligence units. No human brain could encompass even a tiny fraction of the knowledge stored here. The computer can locate any piece of required knowledge instantaneously. In human terms the robot is a super genius.

9. (ARMS AND SHOULDERS)

The mechanical arms and shoulders are made from Kranasteel. Powered from the Central Power Unit they are enormously strong. A weight in excess of eleven tons can be raised by one hand.

10. (HANDS)

The hands are masterpieces of mechanical engineering. The fingers can grip as tightly as a spanner. The fingernails are strong enough to act as powerful screwdrivers and have hardened edges as sharp as razors. The fingertips can also be activated as powerful electro-magnets.

11. (LOWER CHEST & STOMACH)

The power unit: a neutronic motor that provides all the energy for the robot's functions. A Motivator Capsule (battery) will operate for eighteen months of full activity without replacement. Emergency power can be obtained from solar radiation absorbed through the Plastograft skin.

12. (SIDE WAIST)

'Humanizer Unit', designed to allow the Robot to totally resemble a human, this unit allows the Robot to show emotions. It will appear to feel happiness, sadness, fear, etc. but of course all these emotions are entirely synthetic.

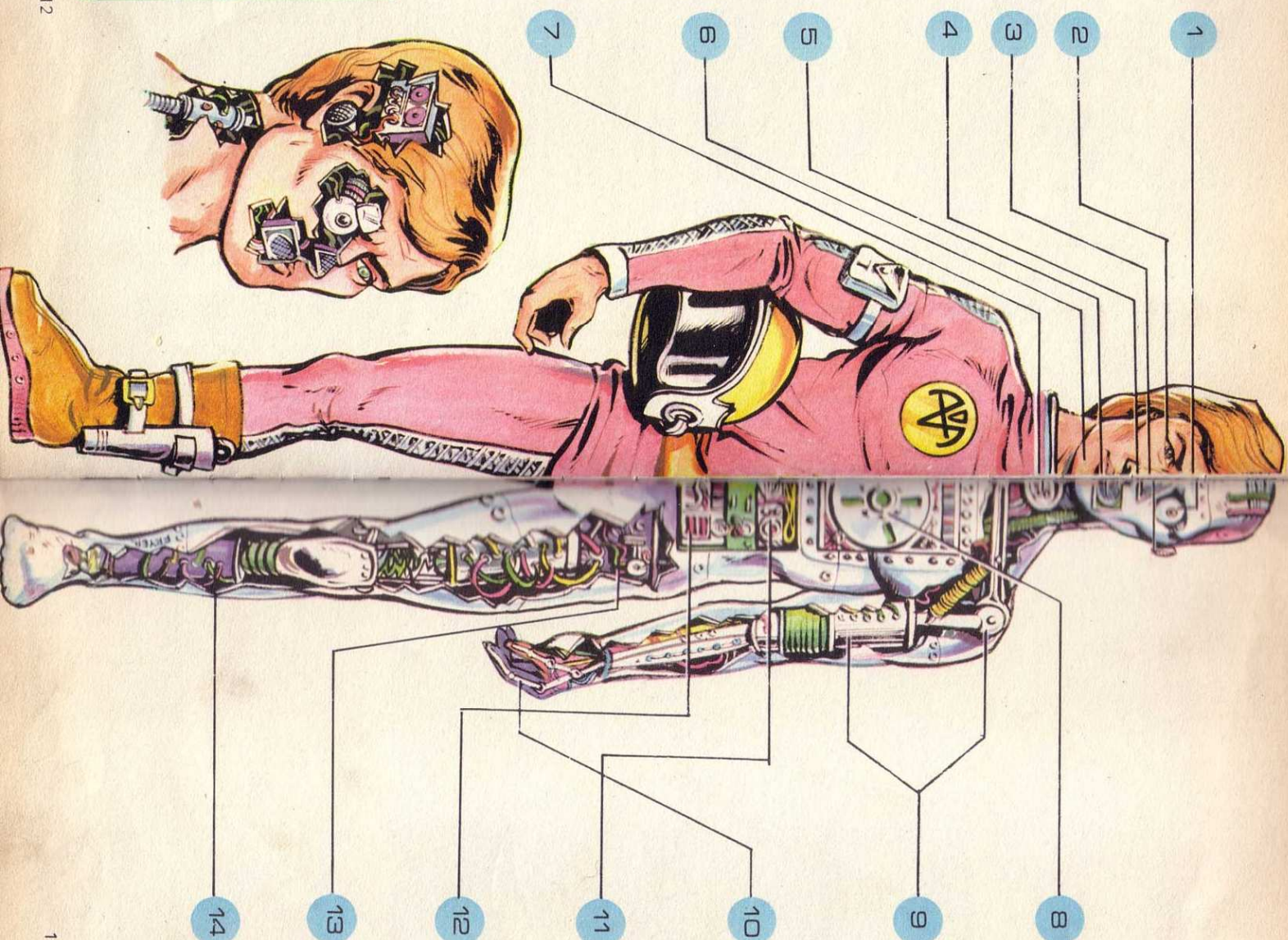
13. (HIP)

Morality Sensor: a cut-out device that will stop the Robot acting against humans. If through any malfunction the Robot should attempt to kill a human the Sensor would self-destruct the Robot.

14. (LEGS)

Like the arms, these are capable of fantastic power. They can propel the Robot at speeds in excess of seventy miles per hour. They will allow it to jump over forty feet straight up. No athlete could possibly compete. In secret trials known to the scientists as 'Robotic Olympic Games' the Mark Seven Robot shattered all existing records.

MARK HUMANOID ROBOT



Dalek GENIUS

THE TRANSMOL

A system for transmitting matter through space at the speed of light. Dalek rockets are equipped with 'Molecular reconstructor receivers' and are then launched to any distant world. After touchdown the rocket's automatic systems switch on the 'reconstructor'.

Dalek scientists on Skaro then activate the transmitter, directing its beam to the planet. Any mineral or vegetable object can be placed in the transmitter's converter chamber where its molecular structure is broken down into

While it is true that every intelligent life form fears the terrible Daleks, it is generally agreed that they are brilliant creative scientists. Much of their technology is thousands of years in advance of anything else in the Universe. Here are just some of the incredible inventions made in Dalek laboratories.

individual atoms. These atoms are then projected like a beam of light. The distant receiver absorbs the atomic impulses and converts them back into solid form. Using the Transmol, war machines and equipment can be despatched with great speed and efficiency.

Note: Thus far the Daleks have not discovered a way to safely transmit living tissue. Human prisoners have been used in experimental transmissions but the receiver failed to re-assemble the elements accurately and many horrific mutations resulted.



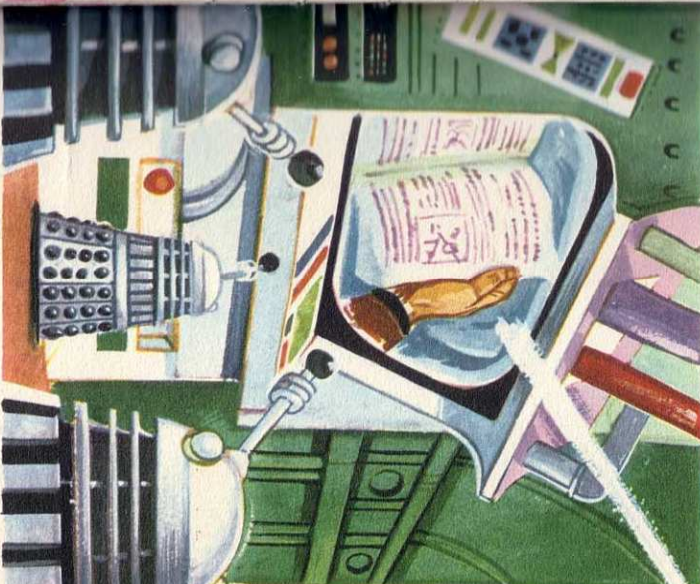
INVISIBILITY

Working on the principal that there are certain sounds not audible to the human ear, (for example the 'silent' dog whistle) the Daleks have searched for a colour that is not visible to the human eye. They have discovered a pigment that they call Grenium which is in the lowest level of the optical spectrum. A coating of this colour will render the wearer invisible for several hours. However, as minute particles of airborne dust begin to adhere to the coating the wearer can again be seen.

1. Immediate effect of coating with Grenium.
2. After three hours.
3. After six hours.
4. After seven hours.

THE CYCLOPS Z-RAY

This is a spy satellite. Its TV camera has a lens that can provide enormous magnification. From a range of two thousand seven hundred miles out in space it can obtain high definition close up pictures. Even at that range the Daleks could clearly read the pages of this book. The Z-Ray light waves actually allows the camera to 'see' through walls and carry sound. So even a whispered conversation inside a building can be seen and heard.

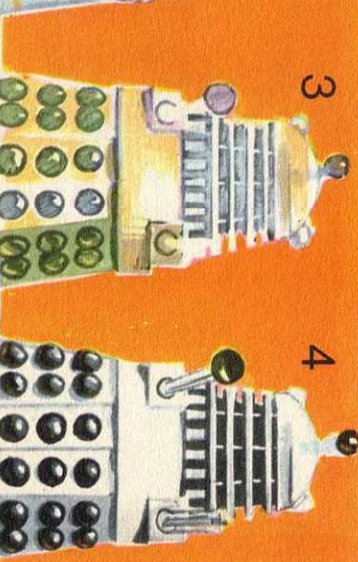
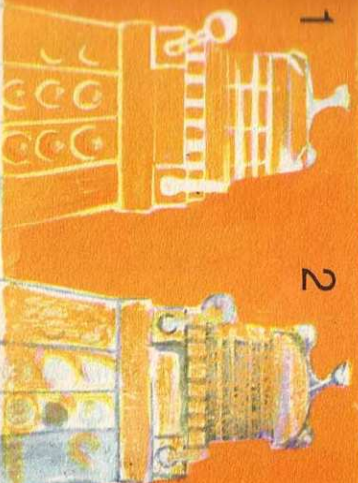


1

2

3

4



Exterminate! Exterminate! EXTERMINATE!



Mark Seven punched the button marked "HOVER" and the small reconnaissance ship slowed and halted, holding its position about a mile above the surface of the planet Omegon.

The small township below them lay in smoking ruins. The large visi-dome that covered the town was shattered. There were great holes in it and jagged cracks ran across what was left of its surface. There was no building beneath the dome that had not sustained damage and several of them were still burning fiercely.

No one spoke for some moments. Then Shaw broke the silence and said, "We'd better go down and look for survivors."

The planet Omegon lay on the very frontiers of space, far far from any of the new worlds. Space pioneers had landed here only five years earlier, and finding the planet rich in the valuable mineral Zaphgren had established a colony. The life and work on Omegon was hard and lonely, but men went there because they could get rich working in the Zaphgren mines.

The ADF ship had been on its way back to base when Reb had picked up the weak distress signal. Just seven words repeating over and over again. "Omegon under attack by Daleks. Help us."

But they'd arrived too late. The Daleks had gone and Omegon's only town was destroyed.

The stench of war was in the smoke that billowed around the three friends as they walked among the ruined buildings. Reb stared around her at the awful destruction.

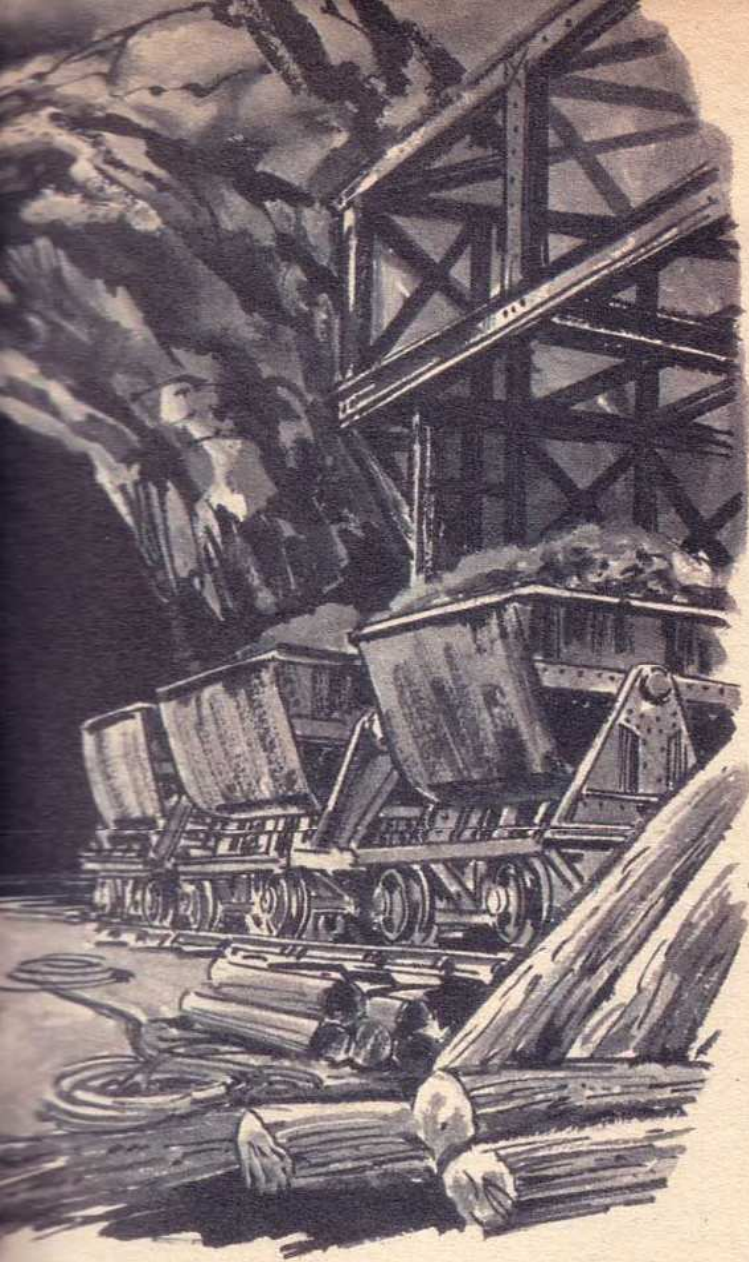
"Why?" she asked in a bewildered voice. "Why would the Daleks want to attack a place like this? It has no strategic importance at all."

Shaw looked thoughtful. "That's what I've been wondering myself," he said. "It doesn't make sense."

Mark Seven stopped abruptly and looked off to one side.

"Listen!" he said. They all strained to catch the sound that had alerted the robot.

Then it came again. A man's voice.



"Over here!" Mark said, and led the way across to a damaged building. They scrambled across the rubble and under a fallen beam. There, in the corner of what had once been a room, were three men.

They looked frightened and exhausted. Their faces were grimed with smoke. One of them had a savage-looking wound across his forehead.

Reb unclipped her first aid kit and set to work to clean and dress the wound. Shaw quietly questioned the men and they told him about the Dalek raid. It had come without warning just before dawn.

"How many ships in the Dalek fleet?" Shaw asked.

"Just one," the spokesman answered. "A big Deep Space Battle Cruiser." His voice was hoarse.

"Are there any other survivors?"

"There was a panic," he said. "After the first strike some of the people tried to get out of the town. They were hoping to shelter in one of the mines. I don't know if they made it. The Daleks

made a second bombing run just a few minutes later."

"We'd better find out," Shaw said. "Can you show us the way to the mine?"

The man nodded. He and his companions got shakily to their feet. They led the way across the broken city and out to the rugged country beyond.

"There's something odd about this," Shaw thought. "These men didn't seem in the least surprised to see us. They're not badly injured, so why didn't they go out to look for survivors before?"

The group pushed their way through a narrow canyon and emerged into a broad area surrounded by high rocks. There were rails and iron hoppers here. Jumbled pit props and all the paraphernalia of mining, and at the other side of the area, the dark opening of the mine shaft. They halted and stared. There was no sign of movement.

Then, quite suddenly, the man with the wounded forehead stepped aside from the group and digging his hand under his ragged jacket produced a laser pistol. His hand shook as he levelled the weapon at the ADF trio.

"Get their weapons!" he said to his two companions.

"What's this all about?" Shaw said.

The men didn't answer, but looked around them nervously as they started to back away towards the mouth of the canyon. Then, in an instant, they turned and started to run. A moment later they were out of sight.

"What exactly is going on here?" Reb said in an angry voice. Her answer was not long in coming. Something moved behind one of the rocks. There was no mistaking the harsh grating command.

"Do-not-move." A Dalek slid into view. Then another and another.

Shaw glanced over his shoulder. Six more Daleks were emerging from behind the rocks, their weapons levelled unfalteringly on the trio.

The leading Dalek advanced and then halted some twenty yards from them. "We-have-been-waiting-for-you," it croaked. "Any-attempt-to-escape-and-the-girl-will-be-exterminated."

Shaw shot a glance to his left. No way out there. To his right was a line of ore trucks and a stack of wooden pit props. "When I give the signal, follow me," he whispered. Then in a louder voice he spoke to the Dalek leader.

"You bombed this town to lure us here," he said. "Somehow you knew we were in range."

"Correct," the Dalek intoned. "You-will-

now - be - transported - to - Skaro - and - subjected - to - our - interrogation - machines. Under - their - influence - you - will - be - forced - to - reveal - the - secrets - of - the - Anti - Dalek - Force. With - this - knowledge - we - can - totally - destroy-the-Force."

So confident did the Daleks seem that they were taken totally off guard when Shaw suddenly yelled, "Now!"

He hurled himself across to the right and then hit the ground and rolled beneath one of the ore trucks. Reb and Seven were only micro-seconds behind him.

The Daleks fired a swift blast, but their targets were protected by the trucks. Another swift bound carried them to the cover of the piled pit props.

A volley of Dalek fire hit the props and they burst into flame. In no time they were a blazing inferno. The Daleks were firing wildly now as the fugitives zig-zagged their way from cover to cover. Then, with one last desperate dash, they reached the shelter of the mine opening. Like a great wave the Daleks slithered after them. By the time they reached the entrance, the only sign of the pursued was the fading echo of their running footsteps.

"Pursue-pursue-pursue!" the Dalek leader shrieked and started into the mine.

Still running at breakneck speed the three friends turned and twisted through the maze of tunnels. They had covered about a mile and were deep underground when Shaw gave the signal for them to halt. They had left the Daleks far behind.

"One good thing," said Mark Seven. "The Daleks could search for days and never find us in this place. There are passages everywhere. It's like a rabbit warren."

"That's true," Shaw agreed. "But while they

control the exit we're as good as prisoners. We have to find another way out of here."

They started cautiously along the dark tunnel. Reb heard a slight scuffling sound close beside her. She stretched out a hand and her fingers brushed against something that felt like stiff fur. She felt a ripple of movement beneath the fur, and a moment later was almost knocked off her feet as a huge black shape scuttled past her.

Seven took her arm and steadied her. "What was it?" she gasped.

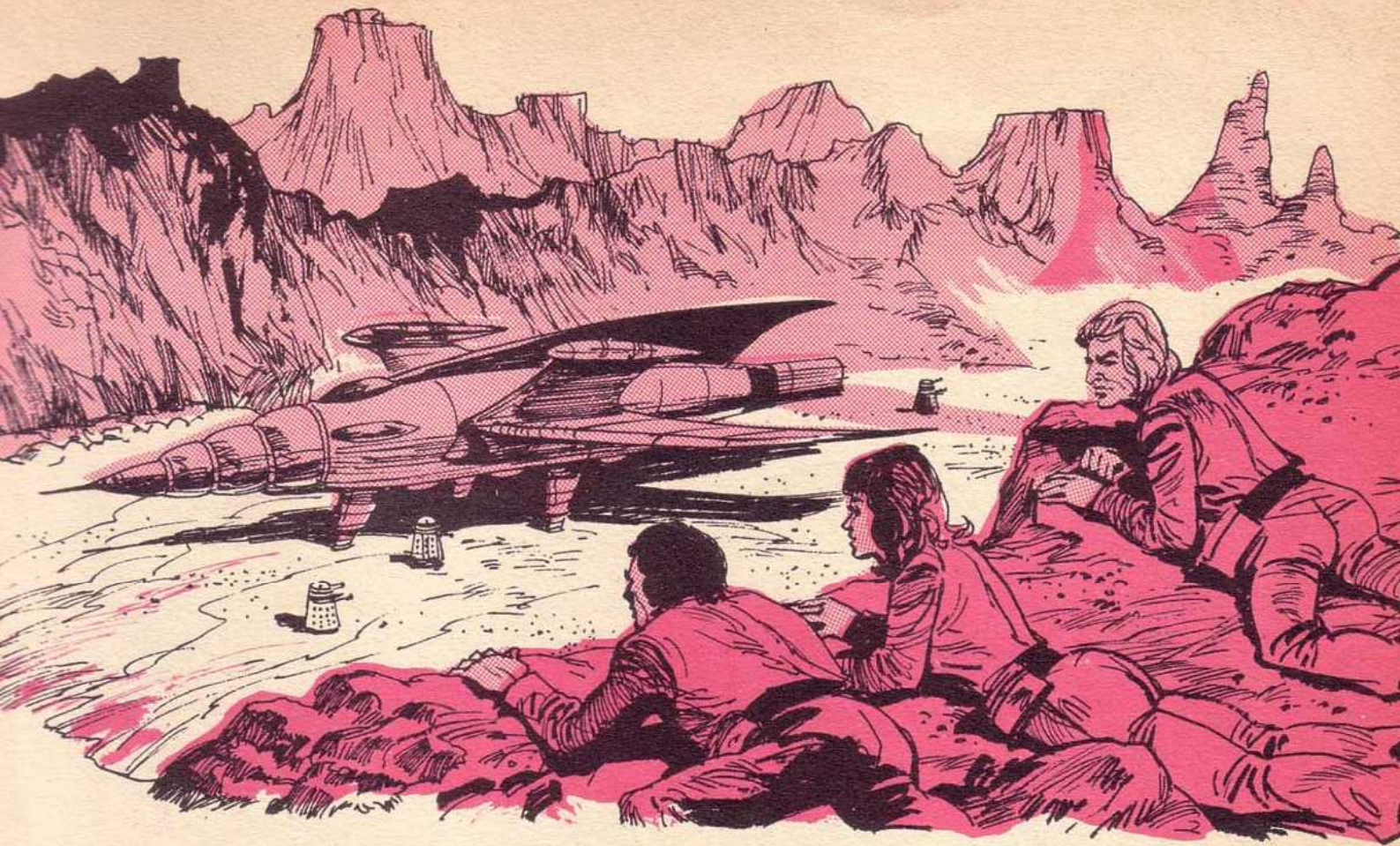
"A giant spider," he answered calmly. "They live down here in the mines. Swarms of them."

Reb shuddered. She had hardly recovered from her shock before there was another alarm. A sound in the tunnel behind them. Daleks, closing the distance between them swiftly.

The three took off at the run, turning first left, then right, then left again, creating what they hoped was an impossible trail. They paused to rest, but within minutes they heard Daleks approaching.

For the next few hours they wove a fantastic route, but whenever they halted it was only a short time before the Daleks located them.





"How in the name of Mars are they doing it?" Shaw panted, as they slowed down and stopped.

They were nearing exhaustion. Reb's mouth was dry with fear. She reached into her pocket for a drink capsule. Her fingers closed on an object she didn't recognise. She took it out and held it in her palm. It was a small disc of shining metal.

Mark Seven snatched it from her hand and examined it quickly. Then he nodded.

"It's a Transloc," he said. "A transmitter-locator. One of those survivors must have slipped it in your pocket when he took your gun. It keeps sending out a radio signal that the Daleks can receive. That's how they're able to locate us."

There was a scuffling sound from some of the giant spiders further down the shaft. Mark glanced towards the noise. Then he started to grin. "I'll be right back," he said.

In a few moments he was back. "That should confuse them," he said. "I've stuck the Transloc on the back of one of the spiders. The speed those creatures move should keep the Daleks running around these tunnels for a week."

After that the going became easier and it wasn't long before Reb spotted a chink of light high above them at the top of a ventilation shaft. The climb was long and dangerous, but after an hour they were safely back on the surface.

The Dalek pursuit unit was not so fortunate.

Tracking the signals from the Transloc they followed the giant spider deeper and deeper underground. The terrified creature leaped across the gaping mouth of a deep chasm. The Daleks, moving at top speed, saw nothing of the danger. One after another they hurtled over the edge to plunge thousands of feet to their destruction.

Shaw and his companions wriggled forward on their stomachs to peer over the edge of a cliff. There, below them in a hidden valley, was the Dalek Deep Space Battle Cruiser. Three Daleks patrolled near it on guard.

"What do we do now?" Reb asked.

Shaw considered for a moment, then he said, "With no weapons we don't have a chance. All we can do is get out of here."

They had almost reached the edge of the devastated city where their ship had touched down when they were hurtled backward and thrown to the ground by the blast of a tremendous explosion. A searing wave of burning gases swept across them. When finally they were able to clamber to their knees and peer through the swirling cloud of dust and smoke they saw the fiercely burning wreckage of their ship. A squad of Daleks stood near it, still firing neutron charges into the blazing hull.

Shaw spat the dust from his mouth. "Well, that

just about does it," he said. "They've really got us boxed in now." The group moved to the shelter of some rocks and sat in miserable silence. It was Mark Seven who spoke first.

"I've been thinking about those men," he said. "The ones who led us into the trap and took our weapons. Now why would they do a thing like that? They're no friends of the Daleks."

"I think the Daleks forced them to lure us into the ambush. Blackmailed them in some way. Now those three men couldn't have been the only survivors from the raid. There must have been others. What if the Daleks had rounded them up and imprisoned them somewhere, then threatened to exterminate all of them unless the three men did exactly as they were told."

"Makes sense," Shaw said slowly. "In fact I can't think of anything that makes better sense. And if they did take prisoners they must still be holding them." He got to his feet.

They divided the city into three sectors and, taking one each, started to search. It was a risky business. Dalek patrols seemed to be everywhere.

It was almost dark and Shaw had thoroughly scoured his area without finding a trace of survivors. Reb appeared around the corner of a shattered building. As she neared him she shook her head. Her search had also been fruitless.

The communicator on Shaw's wrist buzzed softly. He pressed the receive button and heard Mark Seven's voice. "Something over here in the North East corner of the city!" he said. "Careful how you get here. The place is crawling with Daleks."

It took Reb and Shaw about half an hour to reach the area. They saw that Seven had not exaggerated. A broad open square was filled with Daleks. More were filtering in from all directions. They stood in long silent ranks awaiting orders.

A hand reached out and touched Reb on the shoulder. Startled she spun around and then relaxed as she saw Mark Seven. He beckoned silently and they followed him through the shell of a burned-out building.

Seven halted in the cover of a pile of rubble and pointed. Fifty yards away was what might once have been a warehouse. The upper part was badly damaged but the ground floor seemed still intact. The windows were shuttered and near the heavy double doors stood three guarding Daleks.

Seven spoke in a whisper. "I managed to get around to the other side," he said. "There's a narrow crack in one of the window shutters and I could see inside. There must be three hundred people in there: men, women and children."

Before he could explain more there was a sound from the darkness and they crouched low in their cover. Three Daleks glided out of the gloom and halted near the doors. Between them they carried a large metal container. They set it on the ground. The leading Dalek spoke.

"The - search - for - the - ADF - agents - is - to - be - abandoned. All - Dalek - units - will - board - the - cruiser - immediately. When - we - are - in - space - we - will - detonate - this - neutron - device." The Dalek indicated the metal container. Then it went on: "It - is - powerful - enough - to - destroy - half - this - planet - and - all - the - creatures - living - on - it. The - leaders - of - the - ADF - force - will - perish - with - all - the - others."

Reb felt a chill of fear run across her body as she watched the Daleks move away, leaving the neutron bomb standing on the concrete roadway.

The moment the Daleks were out of sight Shaw and the others rushed forward and knelt to examine the bomb.





"We've got to disarm this and quickly," Shaw snapped as he ran his fingers across the cold metal surface. There was no join; no crack; no screw hole. "It's completely solid," he said.

"Perhaps if we could find some metal cutting tools," Reb said desperately.

Seven shook his head slowly. "This is made of Crantinium," he said. "It's the hardest metal in the Universe."

Shaw stood up. His voice quiet and resigned. "There's nothing we can do." He looked grim. He turned to Reb. "Unlock the doors, Reb. Let the survivors out. They might as well know the worst." Before she could move to carry out the order, Mark Seven seemed to spring into action.

He stooped and, using his superhuman strength, he lifted the heavy bomb then, clutching it tightly, he turned and started to run.

"What's he going to do?" Reb asked.

Shaw shrugged. "There's nothing he can do," he answered. "If he could do the impossible and get it a thousand miles from here we'd still feel the blast."

The last of the Daleks filed into the Deep Space Cruiser. The hatch closed and there was the whine of the rocket motors building up power for blast off.

Mark Seven appeared and raced towards the ship. If only he could reach it before it launched into space they might still have a chance. He used the maximum power of his robotic energy source to speed him forward.

The freed survivors stood with Reb and Shaw. A silent helpless group staring towards the dark horizon. They watched the glow of flame from the rocket exhaust of the Dalek ship climb slowly into the sky, knowing that every foot it climbed brought them nearer to destruction.

On the flight deck of the big ship the Dalek Commander watched the altitude meter register the distance above the surface of the planet. Seven hundred miles. Eight hundred. Its mechanical arm hovered above the button that would detonate the bomb. Nine hundred. One thousand. The Dalek waited until the dial registered one thousand one hundred miles, then, coldly, with no feeling or emotion, punched the button.

Observers on Earth, Mars and Venus saw the explosion in the sky. For a few moments it was brighter than the brightest star. Then slowly it faded and was gone.

Shaw and the small group of survivors felt the shock wave as they stared up at the vast explosion. Mark Seven moved in to join them. He looked pleased with himself.

Reb embraced him. "How did you do it?"

"I remembered that Crantinium is a magnetic metal," he said. "So I simply attached it to the hull of the Dalek cruiser. When they detonated they blew themselves to pieces."

Shaw looked at Seven. "Thanks!" he said. Then business-like again went on, "We have work to do. Let's find a radio and get a rescue ship to pick us up. We've got a war to fight."

PLANET OF SERPENTS

AFTER A SOLO RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT REB SHAVRON IS RETURNING TO BASE WHEN HER SHIP IS CAUGHT IN A METEORITE STORM....



EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY, SHIP DAMAGED AND OUT OF CONTROL. CRASH LANDING ON PLANET TERROTH.



...AM ENTERING TERROTH'S ATMOSPHERE NOW. FIRE RAGING THROUGH SHIP EMERGENCY!

TERROTH'S ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS PLANETS IN THE UNIVERSE

HOLD ON, REB WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



THE CRIPPLED SHIP CRASH LANDED IN THE DEEP SWAMPY MUD THAT COVERED THE SURFACE OF TERROTH.



UGH, I DON'T MUCH LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS. I CERTAINLY HOPE THEY HEARD MY EMERGENCY CALL

THE SOFT GROUND HAD CUSHIONED THE CRASH AND THE OOZING MUD SMOTHERED THE FLAMES. REB CLIMBED FROM THE WRECK UNHARMED

REB DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE
BUT FOUND THAT WALKING ACROSS
THE MIRE WAS HARD GOING

THIS IS LIKE
TRYING TO WALK
THROUGH COLD
PORRIDGE. ONE
GOOD THING THOUGH.
NOTHING COULD
LIVE HERE.

BUT SOMETHING DID LIVE HERE.
THE HORRIFYING SWAMP
CREATURES.

THE INTRUDER
MUST BE CAPTURED
AND TAKEN TO THE
TEMPLE FOR SACRIFICE

THOSE WHO
TRESPASS ON OUR
PLANET MUST
PERISH. IT IS
THE LAW.

REB THOUGHT SHE
HEARD A SOUND.
AS SHE TURNED
SWIFTLY SHE WAS
UNAWARE THAT HER
PISTOL HAD
FALLEN FROM
IT'S HOLSTER AND
SLUNK INTO THE MUD.

WHAT WAS
THAT?

THEN AS SHE TURNED
TO MOVE ON.....

SPASH

OVERPOWERED REB WAS
CARRIED TO THE VAST
UNDERGROUND TEMPLE.

WE OFFER THIS CREATURE
TO THE GREAT ONES
THAT THEY MAY HAVE
MERCY ON US.

THE HIGH PRIEST BLEW
A LONG BLAST ON A
METAL HORN.



REB SUDDENLY HEARD A
SOUND FROM OUTSIDE, FAR
ABOVE THE SURFACE.



THE BIG ROCKET TOUCHED DOWN
GENTLY NEAR THE WRECKAGE
OF REB'S SHIP.



BUT THEY WEREN'T
THE RESCUERS REB
EXPECTED



ADF-ROCKET-
DISTRESS-CALL-
CAME-FROM-THIS-
PLANET

SURVIVORS-
MUST-BE-
FOUND-AND-
EXTERMINATED.

OO ANOTHER FEW MINUTES
AND I'LL BE THROUGH IT.

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.
FROM THE GREAT HOLES
IN THE WALLS CAME...

VUUUGGCHH!

USING ALL HER STRENGTH REB BROKE
THE ROPE AND WORKED
DESPERATELY TO FREE HERSELF

ONE OF THE GREAT SERPENTS
SNATCHED THE TORCH IN ITS
MOUTH, LEAVING REB DEFENCELESS.

THEY DON'T
LIKE THE FLAME, BUT
THIS THING IS
BEGINNING TO GO
OUT.

SUDDENLY HELP CAME FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

ATTACK -
ATTACK -
ATTACK - ATTACK.

IN THE CONFUSION REB
STARTED TO MAKE HER
ESCAPE ALONG A TUNNEL.
BUT...

THE SWAMP
CREATURES HAVE
SEEN ME. THEY'RE
CATCHING UP.

FIRE-POWER-
INEFFECTIVE-
AGAINST-
MONSTERS

THEN AT THE END OF
THE TUNNEL SHE SAW
TWO FIGURES.

JOEL! MARK! WHAT
KEPT YOU? YOU CUT
THINGS A BIT FINE!

UNDER THE HAIL OF FIRE
THE SWAMP CREATURES
SEEMED TO DISSOLVE.



THE THREE FRIENDS RACED AWAY ACROSS THE SWAMPY GROUND.

NOT FAR NOW. OUR SHIP TOUCHED DOWN JUST BEYOND THAT STRIP OF JUNGLE



WHERE DID THEY SPRING FROM?

HALT-YOU-ARE-OUR-PRISONERS.

ATTEMPT-TO-ESCAPE-AND-YOU-WILL BE-EXTERMINATED



SUDDENLY THE MUDDY GROUND SEEMED TO QUAKE

WHAT IS IT? AN EARTHQUAKE?

NO! LOOK!



SAFE IN SPACE, THE FRIENDS WATCHED THE END OF THE DALEK FORCE



THEY'RE PULLING THE DALEK SHIP UNDER THE MUD.

I DON'T THINK THE DALEKS WILL LAND ON TERROTH AGAIN IN A HURRY. COME TO THINK OF IT, NEITHER SHALL I.

SCI-FI FILM QUIZ

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR SCIENCE FICTION FILMS?
THIS QUIZ IS DESIGNED TO FIND OUT.

1. In the film *2001—A SPACE ODYSSEY*, what was the name given to the computer?

2. ROBBIE the robot appeared in which film?

7. A robot called GORT appeared in which film?

8. What kind of creatures were the menace in *THEM*?

11. How did the replica human beings arrive in the film *THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*?

16. *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* was discovered in a jungle. Which jungle?

17. How was *THE BLOB* destroyed?

3. Name the actor who played the title role in *THE THING*?

4. In which country was the film *GODZILLA* made?

9. Where was the monster destroyed in the film *THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT*?

12. Blue eyed, fair haired children were the menace in which film?

13. Dr. Who has appeared in two films. Name the actor who played the role.

18. When he played the hero in *THE BLOB* he was a virtually unknown actor. He is now a famous star. Name him.

5. What or who was *KING KONG*?

6. What kind of monster emerged from the ocean in *IT CAME FROM BE-NEATH THE SEA*?

10. In which film did the hero grow smaller and smaller until he finally vanished?

14. *THE BEAST FROM _____ FATHOMS*. How many fathoms?

15. Which city was destroyed by the monster of the title *GORG0*?

19. *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* and landed in the USA. But in which state?

20. *THE MAGNETIC MONSTER* lived and thrived on what?

Check your answers on page 60.

Anti-Dalek Force Aptitude Tests

Every applicant who wishes to join the Anti-Dalek Force undergoes stringent mental and physical tests. The tests are designed to

examine powers of observation, memory and general aptitude.

Now *you* have a chance to see if you would qualify for membership of the ADF. Read the directions and then attempt the tests. Remember you must achieve at least a fifty per cent success level to become an ADF Cadet.



TEST ONE:

Imagine you are on a reconnaissance flight over a small town outside London. The town has been invaded by Daleks and a fierce battle is taking place in the streets. There is very heavy cloud cover, but finally you find a break in the overcast and you can look down on a small section of the town. Now you find

your cameras have jammed. You must observe and mentally record as many details of the scene as possible. You have exactly two minutes before the clouds close in again. At the de-briefing session you will be asked twenty-five questions.

Time yourself carefully and then turn to questions.

RECONNAISSANCE DE-BRIEFING

You have four minutes to answer the following questions.

1. How many tanks?
2. How many Daleks?
3. Name the Radio shop.
4. What is the name of the street with the butcher's shop?
5. How many British troops?
6. Did you see any stretcher bearers?
7. What is the time on the Church clock?
8. How many steps to the Church door?
9. How many Daleks destroyed?
10. How many tanks destroyed?
11. Did you see a zebra crossing?
12. How many street lamps did you see?
13. Were there any lamps damaged?
14. Did you see any animals in the fields?
15. Was there a car in the street?
16. Was there a telephone box?
17. Did you see the river?
18. Was the bridge stone or steel?
19. Was there a soldier in the radio shop doorway?
20. How many chimneys did you count?
21. What was the name of the street leading left?
22. Was the radio shop window broken?
23. Did the butcher's shop have a roof window?
24. Do the tanks have tracks or wheels?
25. Is there a gate in the field?

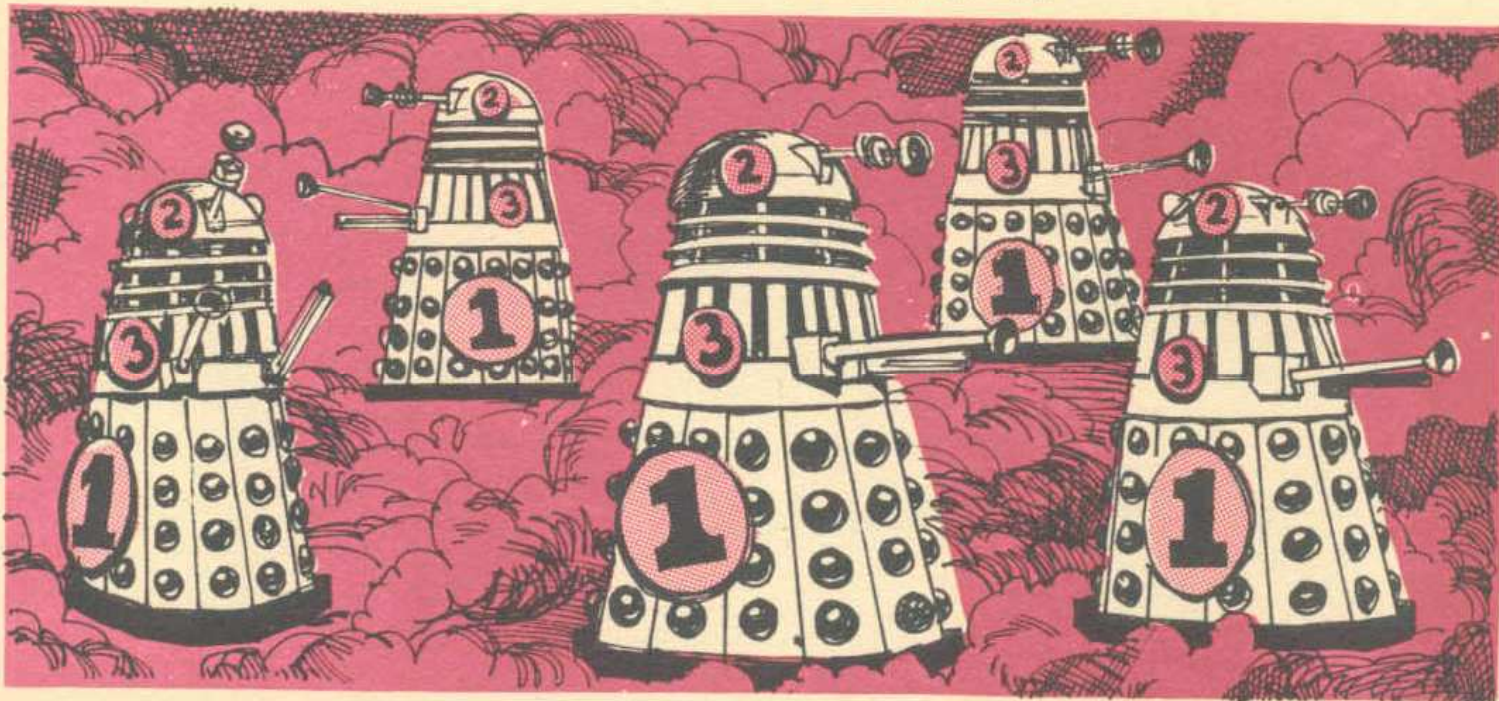
Check your answers on page 60.

TEST TWO:

Ahead of you are five Daleks. The numbered target circles on their sides indicate the areas most vulnerable to Anti-Dalek Weapons. You have just taken careful aim when there is a sudden and total blackout. You fire ten shots into the darkness. How many do you score?

To take this test you study the picture carefully. Then, taking a pencil, you raise it to arm's length above your head. Now close your eyes and bring the pencil down. You do this ten times, and always with your eyes closed.

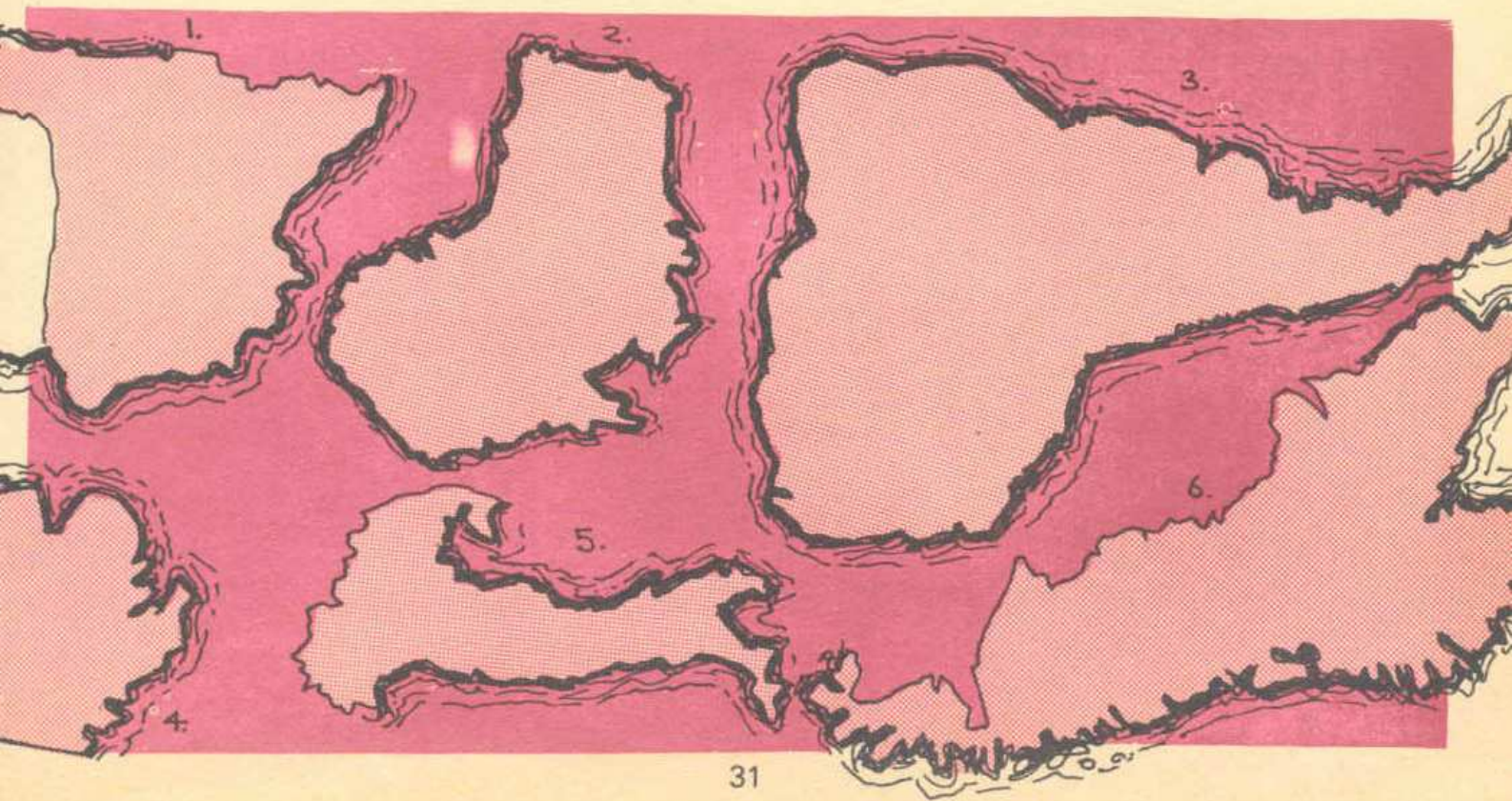
You need to score a minimum of twelve points to qualify.



TEST THREE:

You are returning to Earth after a space battle. All your navigational equipment has been damaged and you must rely on your visual identification of Earth's geographic features to bring you safely back to base. Below are six

outline shapes of a continent, a country or part of a country. Identify them, and remember they may not be facing the same way as they normally would on a map of the world. Score ten points for each one you recognise.

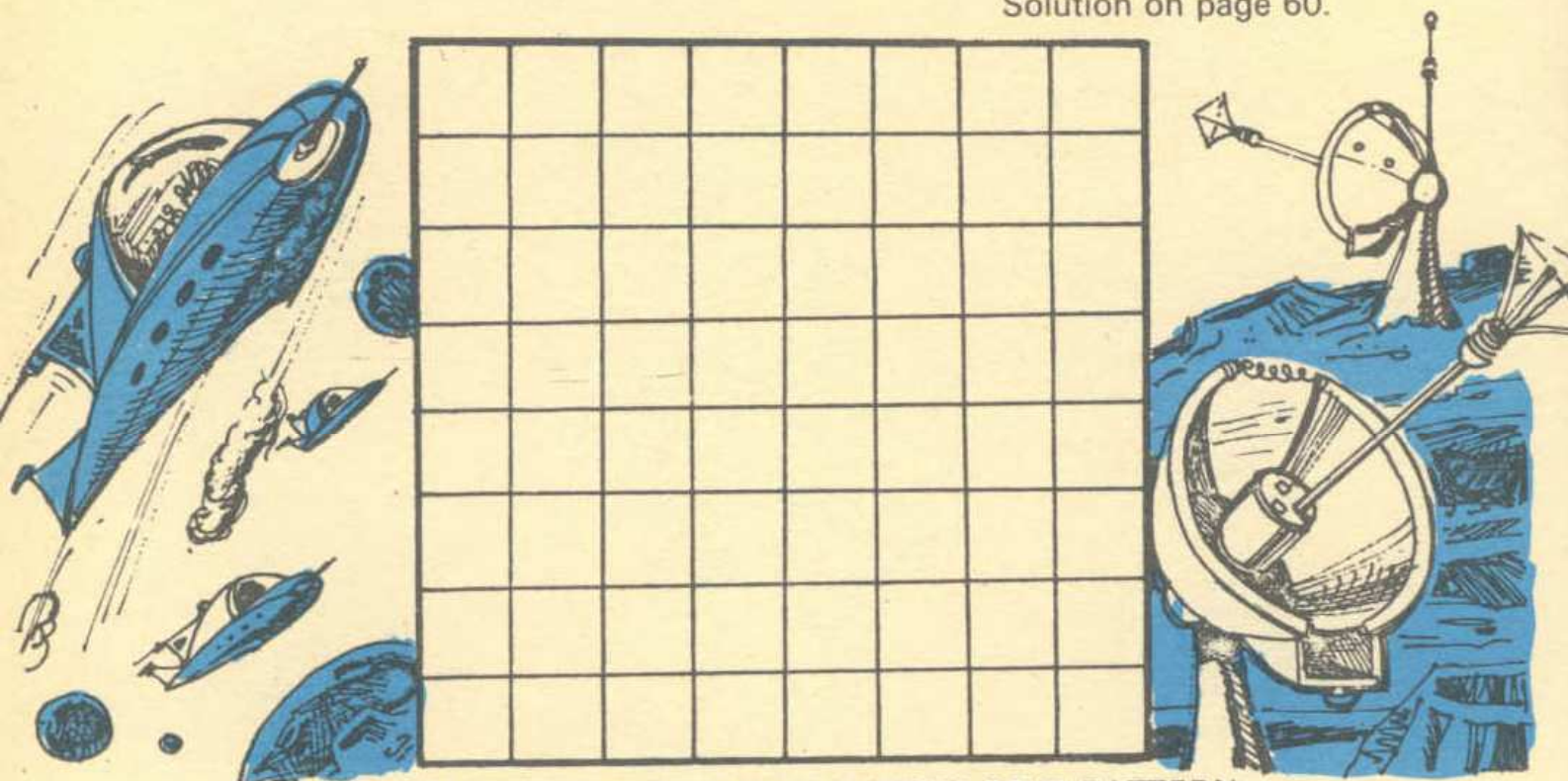


TEST FOUR:

The Dalek Early Warning System is operated by scanners that divide space into a grid pattern. Space Major Joel Shaw discovered that the system failed if rocket ships flew in a particular formation. A squadron of eight ships could pass, through the scanner network

undetected. Below is the scanners grid pattern. Using eight counters or small coins to represent the space ships, place them on the squares so that no two markers are in the same horizontal line, no two in the same vertical line and no two in the same diagonal line.

Solution on page 60.

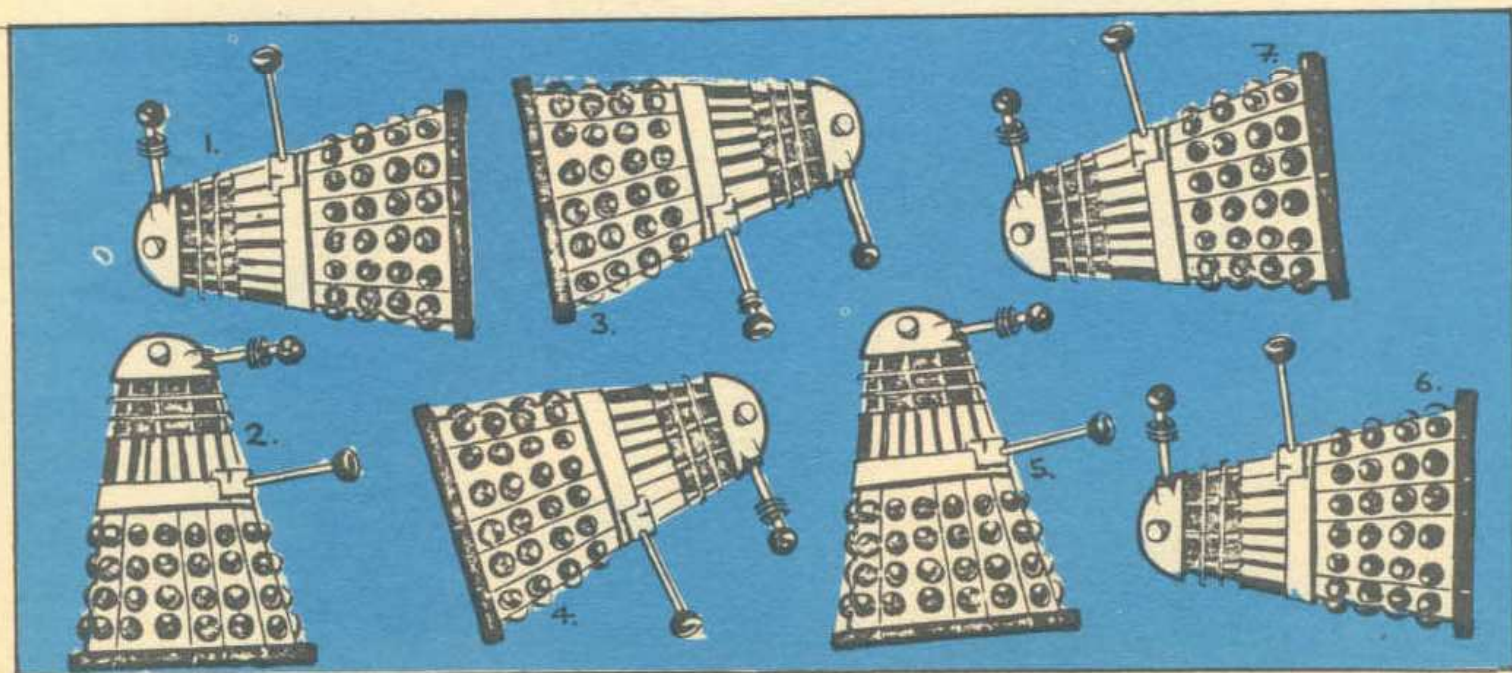


THE DALEK EARLY WARNING SYSTEM GRID PATTERN.

TEST FIVE:

In an attempt to establish a spy network on Skaro, Earth scientists built what they believed was an exact replica of a Dalek. The fake Dalek was infiltrated into the enemy base where, for a short time, it remained

undetected. Unfortunately, during its manufacture the scientists made tiny error of detail. This was noticed and the replica Dalek was exterminated. One of the seven Daleks below is the fake. Can you detect which? The solution is on page 60.



NIGHTMARE



The man's fingers gripped the arm of the chair, his knuckles showing white. His body was rigid and his unblinking eyes stared but saw nothing. A muscle in his cheek twitched uncontrollably. There was stubble of beard on his face and his hair was matted and dirty, his ADF uniform stained and torn.

Joel Shaw touched the man's arm gently. "Gil, I want you to tell me what happened," he said softly. "Try and remember. It's very important."

Gil Tranter stayed silent. Shaw looked towards the white coated doctor. "He doesn't seem to hear what I'm saying."

"He's in a state of deep shock," the doctor said. "He must have undergone some horrific experience. Seen or heard something quite terrifying. Do you know what it was?"

Shaw shook his head. "All I know is that he was part of the crew of an ADF reconnaissance mission to the planet Zebus. His ship was caught in a meteorite storm and damaged. We lost all radio contact. That was over a month ago and we presumed the ship lost with all its crew. Last night Earth Defence Control located a space life raft. Our people picked it up. There was only one man on board." Shaw nodded toward Gil Tranter. "Him. The only words he's said since he was rescued are 'Daleks. Daleks all around us. Daleks here.'"

The doctor looked puzzled. "You know what he means?" he asked.

"No. But I have to find out." Shaw faced the doctor directly. "You must have some drug. Something that will bring him out of this so that he can tell us what he's seen."

The doctor gnawed his lip, then shook his head. "There is a drug," he said. "Pscroton. But I dare not use it. The reason the man is in this state is because his mind has blanked off the experiences he's suffered. It's a sort of natural protective measure. If I reawaken those experiences with drugs it might be too much for him. I couldn't guarantee his sanity."

Shaw considered for a moment then said, "I'm sorry, doctor, but we'll have to take that chance. We must find out what he knows."

The doctor hesitated for a second and then asked, "Is that an order?"

Shaw nodded.

The doctor opened his case and took out a hypodermic and a small glass phial. Two nurses helped Gil Tranter from the chair and took him across to a couch.

Joel Shaw set up microphones and tape recorders while the doctor gave the shot.

"Pscroton is an hypnotic drug," the doctor said. "In a few moments he'll appear to fall into a deep sleep. His experiences will come back to him as though he was dreaming them. He'll be able to hear your voice, so you can question him. But again I warn you. You'll be asking him to relive an experience that has already terrified him into this state."

Shaw looked at the man on the couch. His eyes had closed and his breathing seemed slower and calmer. The muscle in his cheek had stopped twitching. His lips began to move. He mumbled something unintelligible.

"Tranter. This is Space Major Shaw. Can you

hear me?" Almost imperceptibly Tranter nodded his head.

"Alright," Shaw went on. "Now I want you to remember exactly what happened. Start where your ship was caught in the meteorite storm. Can you remember that? Can you remember?"

Tranter remained silent. His face impassive. Then, with alarming suddenness, his whole body contorted in a spasm. His voice cracking as he shouted the words. "Emergency! We're burning up . . . Abandon—abandon—abandon!!!"

The tape recorders turned slowly, registering the hysterical jumble of words that flooded from the man's throat.

"Crew trapped in forward section. Burning up. Can't get out. Abandon, abandon! Get into life rocket. Tarrant is in already. We're the only ones left. The rest of the crew are dead. Hit the release or we'll burn up too. The escape mechanism is jammed. Emergency circuits. That's it. We're free. We're drifting off. We're alright."

The effort of re-living those awful moments seemed to exhaust Tranter, and he remained silent for some time. When his voice came again it was more controlled.

"For days we drifted in space. A meteorite had damaged the communications equipment and we couldn't put out a distress signal. Tarrant was injured and I did what I could to patch him up. Then, on the fourth day, the instruments

registered that the life rocket was being influenced by a gravitational pull. We were coming down. I had no way of knowing the name or position of the planet. I was simply glad that we'd be on firm ground again. We started to pick up speed and I fired the retro shots and made a perfect entry into the planet's atmosphere. After that the automatics took over and settled us on the surface.

"I opened the hatch to see where we were. A wave of yellow fog seemed to wrap itself around me, and when it cleared I saw a landscape that made me shudder. The ground was soft and wet. It was broken by oozing sulphur pools that seemed to bubble slowly like they were living things. There was a sound too. A sinister whispering sound like voices from another room. There were trees, if you could call them trees. Leafless with black branches that looked like hands clawing at the sky. Something flew above my head. I couldn't see it clearly for the mist, but it was huge and black and I heard the hissing sound of its wings.

"What I saw was bad enough, but more than that, something much worse, was the sense of evil, an atmosphere so filled with terror that it was almost tangible. At that moment I was tempted to shoot the life rocket back into space and take our chances on being picked up, but Tarrant needed attention. If he didn't get medical treatment soon I knew he'd die. Like it or not, I had to get out and find help.

"I started across the swampy ground. There were things that lived in the mud. Creatures. You couldn't see them, but you knew they were there. The mud would swirl above them as they wriggled beneath it. And still above me in the darkness were the flying things. More of them now. They seemed to be following me.





"Then I saw the light. A pale flickering light way off in the darkness, but for me it was like a great shining beacon of hope. For a moment I lost it. Then it came again. I started to run. I ran and ran. At one moment I fell sprawling into the mud. It seemed to drag at me as though it was trying to pull me under, but I hauled myself clear and went on running, my eye locked on to that glimmering wisp of light far ahead. The ground beneath my feet was firmer now and I found I was on a path, a track of some kind.

"In my eagerness to find help I wanted to shout, to call out. I wanted so desperately to hear the sound of another voice. Fortunately all my months of training overcame my eagerness and instead of blundering on I stopped and moved off the path, then continued my advance slowly through the bushes. Finally I was close enough to see the building from which the light came.

"It was a vast building. Its black walls towering upwards to be lost to sight in the darkness. The great stones from which it was built were carved with faces, images so terrifying I felt myself shudder as I stared. I spoke before about the sense of evil that hung over this planet and here, near the temple, for that is what I thought it must be, it was so all-pervading, so powerful that one inhaled evil with every breath; you felt it cling to your skin, touching you like cobwebs that drift across your face. Unconsciously the words came into my mind. 'This is a temple of Death'.

"I tried to rid my mind of such imaginings. I am a scientist and a soldier. I deal in facts not

feelings. But, even so, it took all the power of my will to force myself forward. Every nerve, every sense in my body urged me not to enter that terrible place, and yet still I went forward and edged along that wall of carved horrors until I came to an opening, a dark opening waiting like a black mouth to swallow me. I stepped into its shadows and followed the tunnel that led me deeper and deeper into the temple.

"I rounded a bend and saw ahead of me a glow of light. I advanced towards it and peered inside. It was a long low roofed chamber. I could not see the source of the glowing green light that filled the place. Along one side were ranged low tables or benches. Some of them were draped with white sheets that concealed what lay on the tables. The others were empty.

"I moved cautiously into the room and was at once struck by its clammy coldness. I crossed to one of the tables and gently pulled back the sheet. For all the terrors I had felt since landing in this place none could match the deep dread fear of that moment. I was looking down into the face of a man I knew."

Seconds ticked by while they waited for him to

take up his story again. Finally, Shaw had to prompt him. His voice gentle and re-assuring, he urged Tranter to continue. "Go on" he said. "You recognized the man on the table."

Tranter nodded. "It was Crawford. The navigation officer from my ship. He was killed when the meteorites ripped the ship apart."

"Somehow I found enough strength, enough will to look beneath the other sheets. They were all there. The bodies of our entire crew. I was confused. Frightened. Nothing made sense."

"Then I heard a sound. A door opening at the far end of the chamber. More by reflex action than judgement I dropped out of sight."

"Two Daleks moved along the room. In the echoing silence I could hear the whirr of their power units. Walking beside them were some other creatures; four of them. There was no way of telling what they looked like, for they wore long hooded robes. The cowls hung forward over their faces and I had no wish to see what was hidden beneath them."

"I stayed silent, hardly daring to breathe. Two of the robed creatures were pushing a wheeled trolley. They halted beside Crawford's body and lifted him onto it. Then they moved back the way they had come."

"In some strange way, seeing the Daleks gave me a sense of reality. My unreasoning fear was replaced by logic and fact. Daleks were a fact, and it was almost a relief to see them."

"I was still concerned to find medical help for

Tarrant, but I knew that I had another duty too. I must learn what the Daleks were doing. Why had they picked up the bodies of the crew from space? What did they plan?

"I moved silently down to the door and listened at it. I could hear nothing. I opened it slowly and stepped into a corridor. I stared right and left. There were other doors leading off it."

"The first door I tried was locked. The second one opened. It led into what appeared to be a small observation room. Set in the wall opposite the door was a large glass panel."

"I moved to it and saw that it gave a view down into what I can only describe as a huge operating theatre. It blazed with bright light and vast banks of electronic equipment lined the walls."

"On the table lay Crawford's body. Attached to it was a maze of electrodes and tubes. The robed creatures stood around the table, watched by silent Daleks. I could get no clear view of what they were doing, but I saw the glittering flash of surgical tools. And then I caught a glimpse of something else. Something on a tray covered with a glass dome. A grey-green shapeless mass that seemed to pulsate with life. It was carried across to the operating table."

"How long I watched I don't know, but after what seemed like hours the work was completed. The creatures moved away from the table. The humming power sound of the electronic equipment faded and died. The needles on the dials fell back to zero and there was silence."

"Then I felt my body chill with fear. I prickled with terror, for, as I watched, Crawford started slowly to sit up. His eyes opened. His fingers twitched. His arms moved. He was alive!"

The doctor glanced at Shaw. "Making him re-live these experiences is causing him great distress. Do you have to go on with it?"

Shaw nodded. "I wish there was some other way, but I must know what happened. It's vital."

Shaw turned his attention back to Tranter and said. "You saw Crawford was alive. What happened then?"

Tranter's voice came again in a whisper. "I . . . I don't know . . . I'm not sure," he faltered. "I think I must have passed out; perhaps I shouted aloud, screamed. The next thing I remember was waking as though from a deep sleep. I was seated in a chair, still in the observation room. Standing in a circle around me were the hooded creatures and the Daleks. And in the shadows at the back of the room was Crawford. Crawford who had been dead and was now alive."



Crawford who had been my friend and who now silently watched me, his eyes cold and filled with hate.

"The Daleks questioned me. I answered everything they asked. I had no strength to resist. Then slowly, as my senses returned and I could think again, I was able to ask questions in return. Why, I asked, had they recovered the bodies of my crew from space? Why had they brought them here? What were they doing to them?"

"The leading Dalek was in no way reluctant to answer my questions. Indeed it seemed to take pride in what it said.

"It told me that the hooded creatures were the allies of the Daleks; that this strange race had learned the secrets of life; that they had developed miraculous surgical skills. Many of the things it told me I did not understand, but what I clearly understood was that the Daleks had established a special force, a group they called their 'reclamation unit', whose only function was to recover the bodies of humans killed in war or accident.

"Then, then, the Dalek with a note of triumph in its voice told me the reason. The full terror of what it said struck me like a physical blow. In the moment of hearing that terrible truth I must have verged on insanity. Perhaps it was this that gave me the strength to do what I did.

"Unthinking, unreasoning, I leapt from the chair. My action took them by surprise. I smashed against them, sent them reeling as I threw myself through the door.

"I raced along the corridor and into that great chamber of the dead, running like all the demons of the Universe were after me. I heard them behind me. I saw the flash of their guns, but nothing could stop me now. Nothing.

"Out again, out to the griming fog and oozing mud of that evil planet. I ran. Falling, stumbling, crawling, guided by some instinct back to where the life rocket waited. And behind me, always close behind me, the hooded creatures and the Daleks hunting me like an animal. I reached the rocket only minutes ahead of my pursuers and crawled into the cabin. It was empty. Tarrant had gone!

"Perhaps he had given up hope of my returning and had somehow found the will to drag himself out and look for help. Every instinct told me I should search for him but another voice inside me said it was more important that I get my information back to Earth.

"Through the mist I saw the first of the Daleks approaching. I hesitated no longer. I fired the launch rockets. In that gravity the take-off was



too swift and I blacked out. I remember nothing else. Nothing else."

Tranter's voice drifted away again. Shaw stood up and paced around the room and then returned to bend over the semi-conscious man. "There is one thing more I must know," he said. "You must tell me. Why? Why do the Daleks bring our dead to life? What do they do to them?"

When finally Tranter answered, the words came slowly. "They implant human bodies with the brain of a Dalek. They look like us. Sound like us. There is no way to tell them apart. But they are Daleks!"

Shaw responded quickly. He called to an aide standing near the door. "Set up a direct vision link to ADF headquarters," he ordered. "I have to report this at once. We must take precautions immediately. If they are able to infiltrate humanoid Daleks onto Earth they could do untold damage."

Tranter made a small gasping noise and Shaw turned to see he was sitting up on the couch. He seemed to be conscious, but his face was a mask of fear. His voice was low and urgent, and what he said made Joel Shaw shudder.

"It's too late," Tranter said. "They've been doing this for ten years. Daleks in human form are here. Thousands of them. All around us. They're here now. Living among us; our friends, our neighbours. They can be anywhere. Waiting. Waiting for the order to destroy us. They're here now . . . THEY ARE HERE NOW!!!"

INTERCEPT

A space race for two or more players.

ADF headquarters on Earth picked up a weak radio signal from the Planet Katen. A rocket carrying vital supplies had crash landed. Joel Shaw, Reb Shawron and Mark Seven took off immediately on a rescue mission. The Daleks too received the message and launched their own Space Cruisers. The two missions constantly intercepted one another en-route to Katen. Who will battle through to be the first to arrive?

HOW TO PLAY

Any even number of players can join in. All that is needed is a dice and some counters. An ADF player throws the dice first, then a Dalek player and so on in turn. The aim is to reach the Planet Katen first. You only obey the instructions on the Intercept Squares if both a Dalek and an ADF player land on the square at the same time. Obviously you move as many squares as the number on the dice indicates.

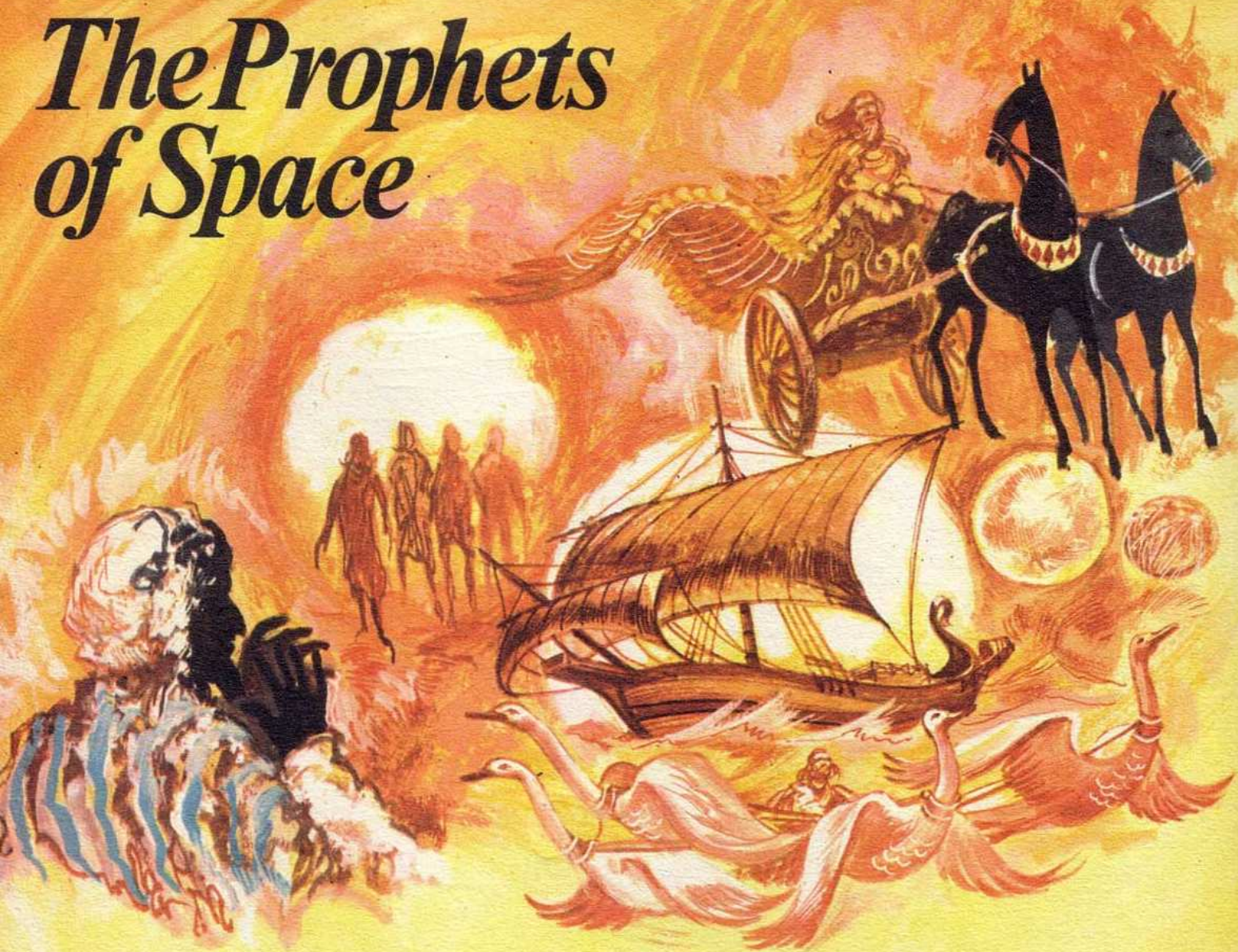


Skaro
The Planet of the
DALEKS

A.D.F.
base Earth

Katen

The Prophets of Space



Most bookshops today carry shelves filled with volumes of science fiction. They range from the carefully thought out and serious predictions that have a basis in genuine scientific fact, to the wild and fantastic space adventure. 'S/F', as it has become known, would seem to be a fairly recent addition to the world of books, but in fact it has a long long history.

You can find what might easily be interpreted as science fiction—or perhaps science fact—as far back as the Old Testament of the Bible.

The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel gives an astonishingly accurate account of what might have been the landing of a space ship and a meeting with alien beings. He writes: "And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the

midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man."

Much of Greek mythology is concerned with the comings and goings of 'Gods' in 'Winged Chariots'. Dating from even more primitive times are cave drawings that suggest men in space suits. In the second century AD a Syrian writer named Lucian wrote a book entitled *True History*, in which he tells the story of a ship caught in a terrible storm and swept on the winds up to the Moon. Here the crew find themselves involved in a war between the inhabitants of the Moon and the creatures of the Sun.

In the seventeenth century Johannes Kepler wrote a story that was to become a milestone in S/F history. He called his work *Somnium or the Astronomy of the Moon*. The book and the facts it contained was centuries ahead of its time.

Shortly after Kepler came Cyrano de Ber-

gerac. His fantasy adventure *Voyages to the Moon and Sun* described several methods of space travel. Not the least inventive of these was based on the observation that the Sun sucks up dew in the mornings. Cyrano's hero collects the dew and pours it into containers attached to his body and so is lifted into the sky. If you feel that is far-fetched, what about the idea of British author Francis Godwin who, in 1638, wrote about a journey into space powered by harnessed Geese!

In the nineteenth century came the work of the most famous of all science fiction writers: Jules Verne. His work was a careful mixture of known scientific fact and magnificent imagination. His heroes journeyed to the centre of the Earth and twenty thousand leagues below the sea. In his novel *From Earth to the Moon* the space travellers were housed in a projectile-shaped capsule and fired from a nine hundred foot cannon.

After Verne's enormous success S/F books began to proliferate, many of them now totally

forgotten, but the form was becoming a popular entertainment. The really outstanding figure of this period was H. G. Wells. His novel *The War of the Worlds* is a classic. It tells the story of a Martian invasion of Earth. Man's weapons are useless against the invaders and the conquest of Earth seems certain. The creatures from Mars are finally beaten by a virus.

S/F has now gained some respectability in the literary world. Many fine authors have made their reputations in the field. It is impossible to list them all, but among those not to be missed are Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Robert Sheckley, John Wyndham, Frederik Pohl and Theodore Sturgeon. All of them offer splendidly stimulating and imaginative ideas and totally intriguing stories.

The greatest problem that the S/F writer faces today is that what he writes as fiction one month is quite likely to be fact the next month: such is the speed of our technological advance.

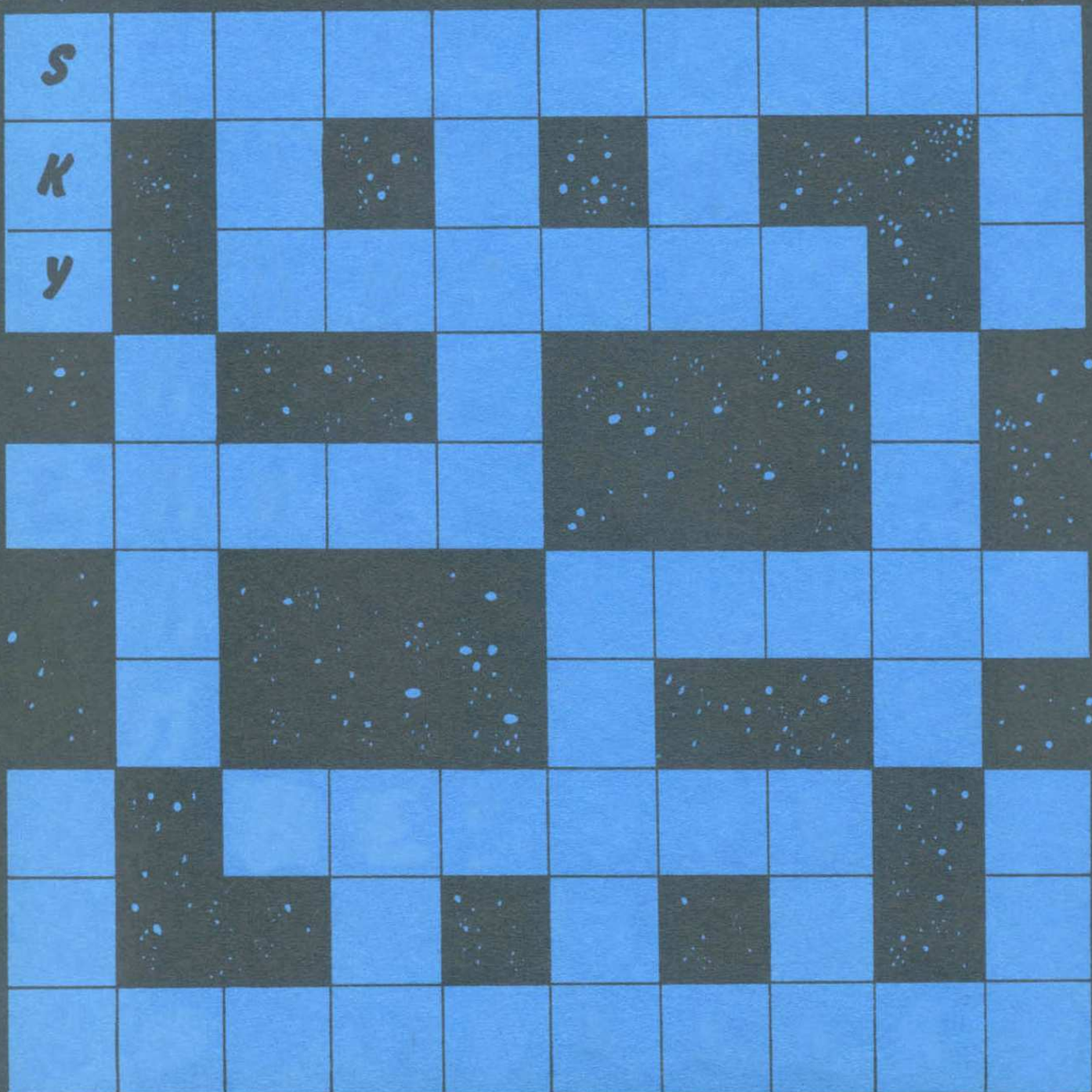


SELECTAWORD

A special kind of crossword puzzle in which you are given all the solutions. You simply put the words in the correct places. Select them from the list below and write them in the blank spaces.

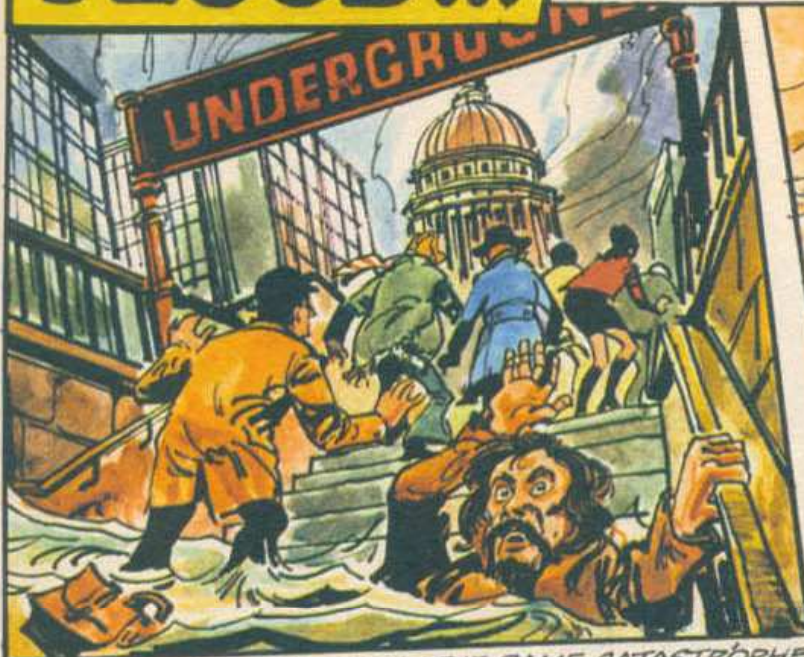
SPACECRAFT: CONQUERORS: BEYOND:
ROCKET: EXCEL: DROME: LEVEL: DALEK:
BEAM: FREE: AIR: SKY: TON: RUE: ARC:
ESQ.: SOS: DUO.

SOLUTION ON PAGE 60.



FLOOD!!!

AFTER A MONTH OF HIGH TIDES AND HEAVY RAINS THE THAMES BURSTS ITS BANKS AND A WALL OF WATER SWEEPS OVER LONDON.



OTHER CITIES SUFFERED THE SAME CATASTROPHE :



RETURNING FROM A MISSION AND STILL IN SPACE, THE ADF CREW HAVE A VIEW OF BRITAIN AS IT HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE.



AT EMERGENCY HEADQUARTERS IN MELBOURNE.



EMERGENCY. ADF SHIP TO REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS IN AUSTRALIA IMMEDIATELY

WITHIN THIRTY-SIX HOURS THE SUB WAS CRUISING IN ANTARCTIC WATERS

THE WATER IS POURING OFF THAT ICEBERG. IT'S MELTING FAST.

THE SKIPPER SAYS THAT THIS PART OF THE OCEAN IS NORMALLY FROZEN SOLID

SUDDENLY...

ROCKET ATTACK!

BAROOM!

DIVE!
DIVE!
DIVE!

THE CRIPPLED SUB SHELTERS BENEATH THE THICK ICE PACK

WE'RE BADLY HIT.

TAKE HER UNDER THE ICE, SKIPPER. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

WE CAN'T STAY UNDER. WE'RE SHIPPING TOO MUCH WATER.

USE YOUR TORPEDOES TO BLAST A HOLE IN THE ICE AND TAKE US UP THROUGH IT

THE TORPEDOES CLEAR A PATH FOR THE SUB TO SURFACE

FAPROOMPH!



WE'LL HEAD DIRECTLY SOUTH TOWARD THE POLE

WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH BY RADIO.



AS NIGHT FELL THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A FIERCE BLIZZARD

EVEN OUR THERMAL SUITS DON'T KEEP US WARM IN THIS TEMPERATURE

BURROW INTO THE SNOW, IT WILL HELP CREATE A COCOON OF WARMTH AROUND US.



AS DAWN BROKE THE BLIZZARD ENDED AND THE MIST RETURNED. AS THEY STRUGGLED FROM UNDER THE COVERING OF SNOW!

MARKS GONE.

LOOK, THERE'S HIS TRAIL WE'LL FOLLOW IT.



MARK'S TRAIL ENDS HERE. WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THOSE OTHER TRACKS?

I DON'T KNOW BUT IT'S MY GUESS HE'S IN TROUBLE



THEN, AS A LIGHT BREEZE CLEARED THE MIST FOR A MOMENT.

OVER THERE!

IT'S FANTASTIC!

INSIDE THE FANTASTIC STRUCTURE
THE AUTOMATIC SCANNING DEVICES
HAD SPOTTED SHAW AND REB



INTRUDERS-
LOCATED-
INTERCEPT-
INTERCEPT.

THOUGH THEY CAME WITHIN
INCHES, THE DALEKS FAILED
TO SEE REB AND SHAW
BURIED IN THE SNOW.



MEANWHILE, THE DALEKS
WERE INTERROGATING
MARK SEVEN.



WE-KNOW-OUR MISSILES-
FAILED-TO-DESTROY-
YOUR-SUBMARINE.-
WHERE-IS-IT-NOW?

ANSWER!

ANSWER!
ANSWER!
ANSWER!

AS THE SWIRLING MISTS
CLOSED DOWN AGAIN
REB CAUGHT SIGHT OF
SOME FAMILIAR FIGURES.



DALEKS!

UNDER
COVER,
QUICKLY!

LOOK AT THE
TRACKS THEY MAKE.
LIKE THE ONES WE
FOUND NEAR WHERE
MARK DISAPPEARED

THEY'VE PROBABLY
CAPTURED HIM. WE
MUST GET INSIDE
THAT PLACE.



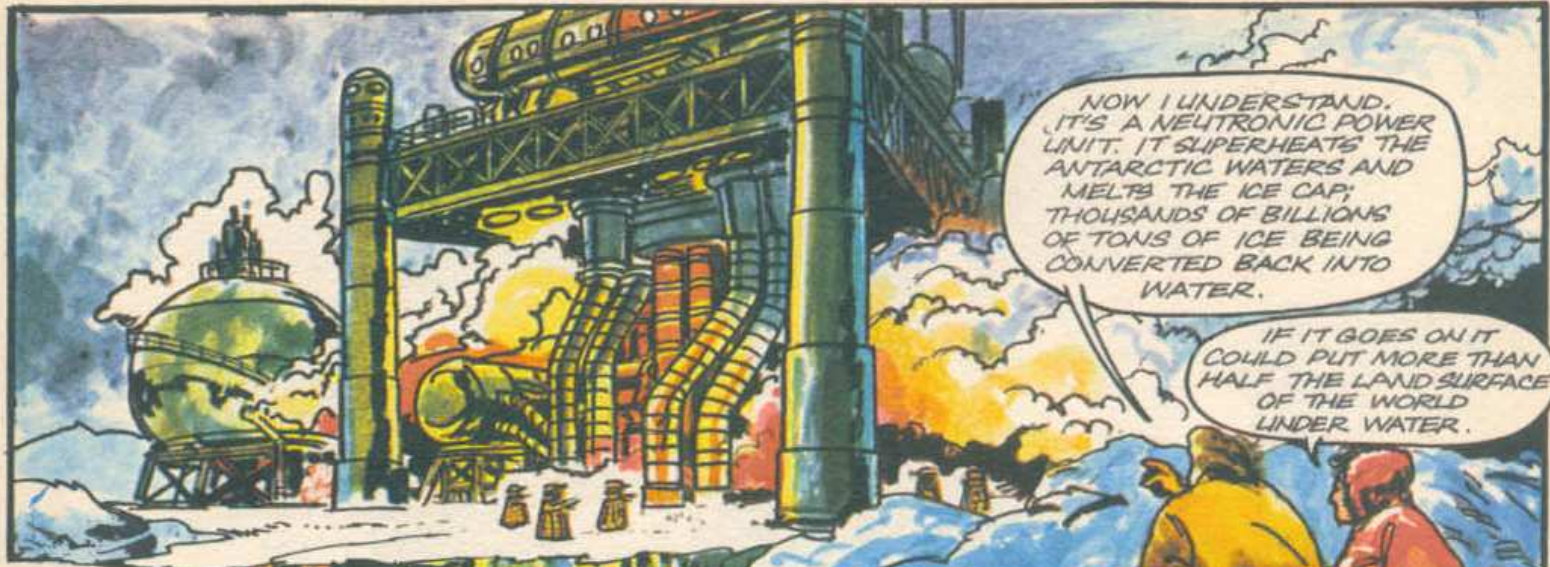
BACK AT THE
SUBMARINE:

TREMENDOUS STATIC
ON THE RADIO, SIR.
WE CAN'T RECEIVE
SIGNALS FROM THE
ADF PATROL.

WE'RE STILL SHIPPING
WATER, SIR. IF WE
DON'T GET OUT OF
HERE SOON WE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT BACK
TO BASE.

WE'LL GIVE
THEM A COUPLE
MORE HOURS
THEN WE'LL
HAVE TO LEAVE.





NOW I UNDERSTAND.
IT'S A NEUTRONIC POWER
UNIT. IT SUPERHEATS THE
ANTARCTIC WATERS AND
MELTS THE ICE CAP;
THOUSANDS OF BILLIONS
OF TONS OF ICE BEING
CONVERTED BACK INTO
WATER.

IF IT GOES ON IT
COULD PUT MORE THAN
HALF THE LAND SURFACE
OF THE WORLD
UNDER WATER.



WITH THE MAIN ELEVATOR
HEAVILY GUARDED BY DALEKS,
SHAW DECIDES THEY WILL
GET INTO THE POWER UNIT
BY CLIMBING ONE OF THE
TOWERING SEA "LEGS"

THEY HAD ALMOST REACHED
THE PLATFORM WHEN REB'S
FINGERS, NUMBED BY COLD
LOST THEIR GRIP.



HANG ON
I'VE GOT YOU.



SENSOR-DEVICES-
REGISTER-INTRUDERS-
ON-MAIN-PLATFORM.



IN THE MOMENTARY CONFUSION,
MARK MAKES A BREAK

EXTERMINATE!

EXTERMINATE!



MEANWHILE SHAW
AND REB DASH
TOWARDS THE
MAIN POWER UNIT



REB AND SHAW REACH THE POWER UNIT ONLY TO FIND MARK HAS BEATEN THEM TO IT



TOTALLY UNBALANCED, THE GIANT RIG SANK BENEATH THE ANTARCTIC WATERS, THE DALEKS' OWN WEIGHT CARRYING THEM TO THEIR DOOM, AS THE ICE BEGAN TO FORM OVER THEM.



A table of events that compares certain happenings in the history of Earth with developments taking place in the Dalek world. Note that Earth's Year One is the same as Skaro's Year Seven Thousand and Eleven, and that a Dalek year is half the length of an Earth year. Any similarity between events on the two planets may be purely coincidental.

Earth ~ Skaro TIMESCALE

	EARTH YEAR	SKARO YEAR	
London believed to have been founded.	42	7095	Dalek space ships first discover Earth.
Romans defeated in Caledonia. Retire to Hadrian's Wall.	180	7371	Daleks discard atomic power as being too primitive.
China is the first country to make use of paper money.	845	8701	Dalek survey of Earth reports that the inhabitants are unintelligent savages.
Norman invasion of Britain.	1066	9143	Daleks invade Mars and Venus.
Black Death ravages Europe and Asia.	1347	9705	First germ warfare experiments. Baccilus released on Earth to study effects.
Great Fire of London.	1666	10343	Dalek space ship crashes on Earth city. Explosion and subsequent fire destroy many buildings.
Greatest explosion in history of Earth. The eruption of volcano on Krakatoa.	1883	10777	Test firing of Neutronic bomb at Earth Target.
San Francisco Earthquake.	1906	10823	Dalek task force lands on Earth to examine core of planet. Cause much surface disturbance.
S.S. <i>Titanic</i> hits iceberg and sinks; 1,517 people drowned.	1912	10835	Daleks shower Earth's oceans with super-frost bombs. Create gigantic ice-floes.
Drought, floods and famine in Asia.	1974	10959	Dalek weather control satellite stationed in Earth orbit.
????????????????	1976	10963	????????????????

CRYPTOGRAPHY

The Cryptographic Division of the Anti-Dalek Force is concerned with the making and breaking of the secret ciphers used in space communications. Featured below are some of these codes. The top line shows a message written in code. Beneath is a translation. You must discover how the code works then, using the same system, convert the test message into the same coded form.

ONE:

CODED MESSAGE: WZOV P-ZGGZXP-RNNRMVMG.

TRANSLATION: DALEK-ATTACK-IMMINENT.

TEST MESSAGE: INVASION OF MARS.

TWO:

CODED MESSAGE: SU/ZB/QS/FH/DF/SU-ZB/QS/DF/ZB-CE/DF/
RT/SU/QS/NP/XZ/DF/CE.

TRANSLATION: T A R G E T - A R E A -
D E S T R O Y E D.

TEST MESSAGE: SPACE SHIP DISABLED.

THREE:

CODED MESSAGE: 24/5/14/14/5/26/7/14-26/9/1/22/40/
32/7/38.

TRANSLATION: M I S S I L E S -
L A U N C H E D.

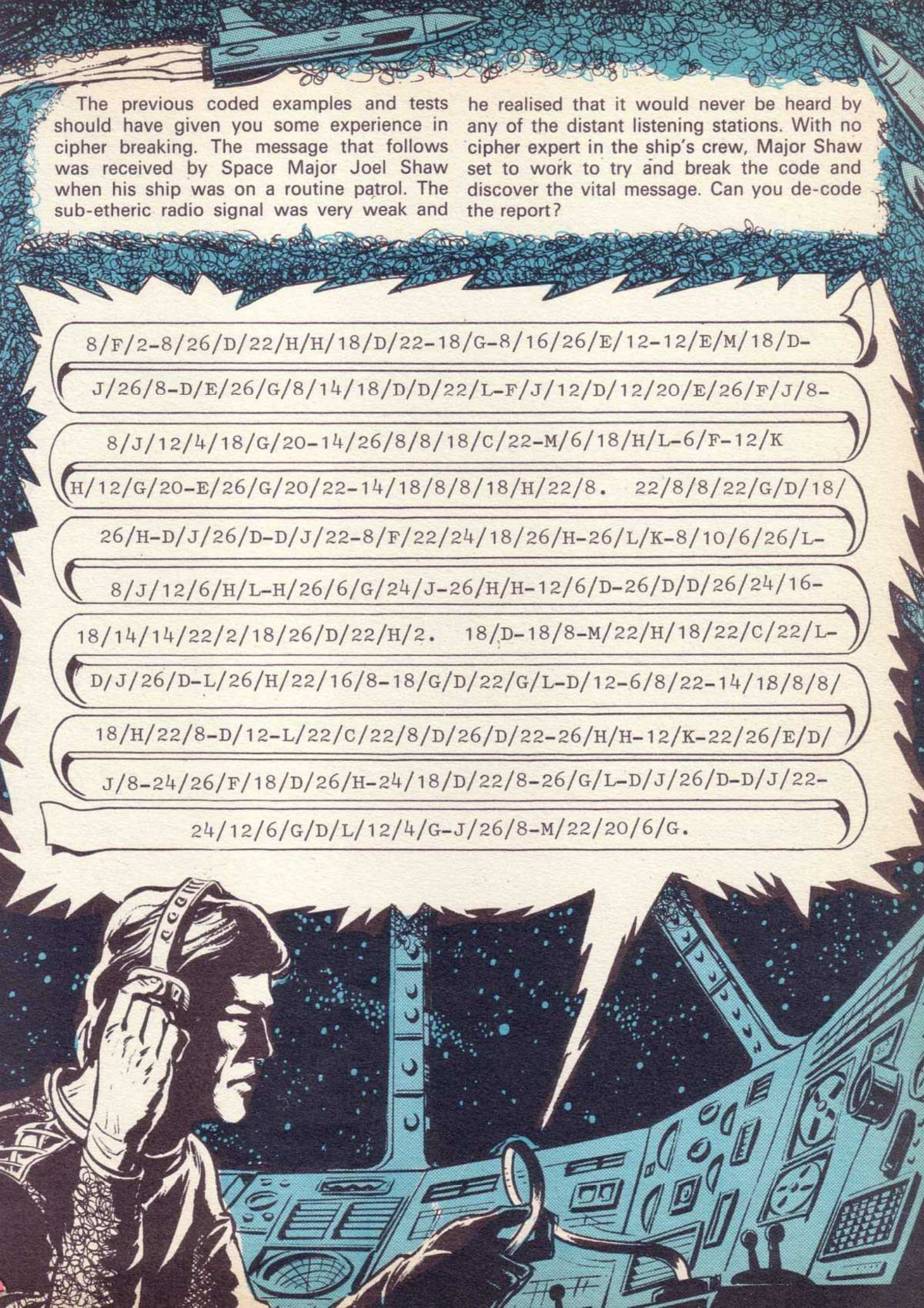
TEST MESSAGE: DALEK WAR FLEET AIRBORNE.

FOUR:

CODED MESSAGE: BUQBOJFKXQB - BXOQE.

TRANSLATION: EXTERMINATE - EARTH.

TEST MESSAGE: SPY SATELLITE LOCATED.



The previous coded examples and tests should have given you some experience in cipher breaking. The message that follows was received by Space Major Joel Shaw when his ship was on a routine patrol. The sub-etheric radio signal was very weak and

he realised that it would never be heard by any of the distant listening stations. With no cipher expert in the ship's crew, Major Shaw set to work to try and break the code and discover the vital message. Can you de-code the report?

8/F/2-8/26/D/22/H/H/18/D/22-18/G-8/16/26/E/12-12/E/M/18/D-

J/26/8-D/E/26/G/8/14/18/D/D/22/L-F/J/12/D/12/20/E/26/F/J/8-

8/J/12/4/18/G/20-14/26/8/8/18/C/22-M/6/18/H/L-6/F-12/K

H/12/G/20-E/26/G/20/22-14/18/8/8/18/H/22/8. 22/8/8/22/G/D/18/

26/H-D/J/26/D-D/J/22-8/F/22/24/18/26/H-26/L/K-8/10/6/26/L-

8/J/12/6/H/L-H/26/6/G/24/J-26/H/H-12/6/D-26/D/D/26/24/16-

18/14/14/22/2/18/26/D/22/H/2. 18/D-18/8-M/22/H/18/22/C/22/L-

D/J/26/D-L/26/H/22/16/8-18/G/D/22/G/L-D/12-6/8/22-14/18/8/8/

18/H/22/8-D/12-L/22/C/22/8/D/26/D/22-26/H/H-12/K-22/26/E/D/

J/8-24/26/F/18/D/26/H-24/18/D/22/8-26/G/L-D/J/26/D-D/J/22-

24/12/6/G/D/L/12/4/G-J/26/8-M/22/20/6/G.





SPACEWORDS

DEFINITIONS AND DATA ON TEN EVERYDAY WORDS ABOUT SPACE.

ASTEROID: The name given to the small planets revolving around the Sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. There are believed to be some 30,000 asteroids, the largest of which is Ceres. The only one visible to the naked eye is Vesta.

COMET: A star-like body with a tail of light. There are an estimated two million comets. The best known comet was located by Edmund Halley and takes his name. It was last seen from Earth in 1910. It should appear again in 1986.

CONSTELLATION: A group of fixed stars gathered within an imaginary outline. There are eighty-eight constellations. Eridanus is the largest. Triangulum the smallest.

GALAXY: The Sun and its nine major planets (including Earth) is called the Solar system. It is part of the Galaxy known as the Milky Way. There may be one million million other Galaxies.

LIGHT YEAR: A term used to define distance in space. In a vacuum, light travels at the speed of 670,616,700 miles per hour. Distance is therefore calculated in how far light has travelled in one year, rather than in miles.

METEOR: A (generally) small mass of matter from celestial space, usually of cometary origin. One group of these bodies, known as the Leonid meteors, has been observed on Earth and is estimated to contain more than two hundred and forty thousand meteors. The largest discovered meteor to land on Earth weighs some fifty-nine tons.

PLANET: A heavenly body that differs from 'fixed' stars by having apparent motion of its own. The nine major planets of the Sun are: Earth, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, Uranus, Pluto and Neptune. Jupiter is the largest, Mercury the smallest.

STAR: A celestial body that is so far from Earth that it appears to have no motion other than diurnal revolution. There may be one hundred thousand million stars in our galaxy (The Milky Way) alone. The most distant star in our Galaxy is approximately seventy-five thousand light years away.

SUPER-NOVAE: A 'star' that is burning up or perhaps exploding. They flare with light and then fade. The 'Crab' Nebula is believed to be the remains of a Super-Novae. Its flare was seen in the ninth century. However, allowing for the time it took for the light of the explosion to reach Earth, it probably occurred some three thousand years BC.

UNIVERSE: A word used to encompass all existing things. The whole of creation. Its furthest limits are unknown. Radio telescopes may have detected 'quasars' that are twelve thousand million light years from Earth. The furthest one can see with the naked eye is the galaxy in Andromeda. The number of stars in the Universe is incalculable. Those that hold intelligent life must be million upon million.

MAN and MYTH

Modern scientists and astronomers using highly sophisticated instruments are now able to give us a reasonably accurate look at our planet and those around us. Ancient man was not so fortunate. He lived in a world of mystery. As human thought developed, man began to speculate about the nature of his world. The answers he offered may have been wrong, but they are still fascinating.

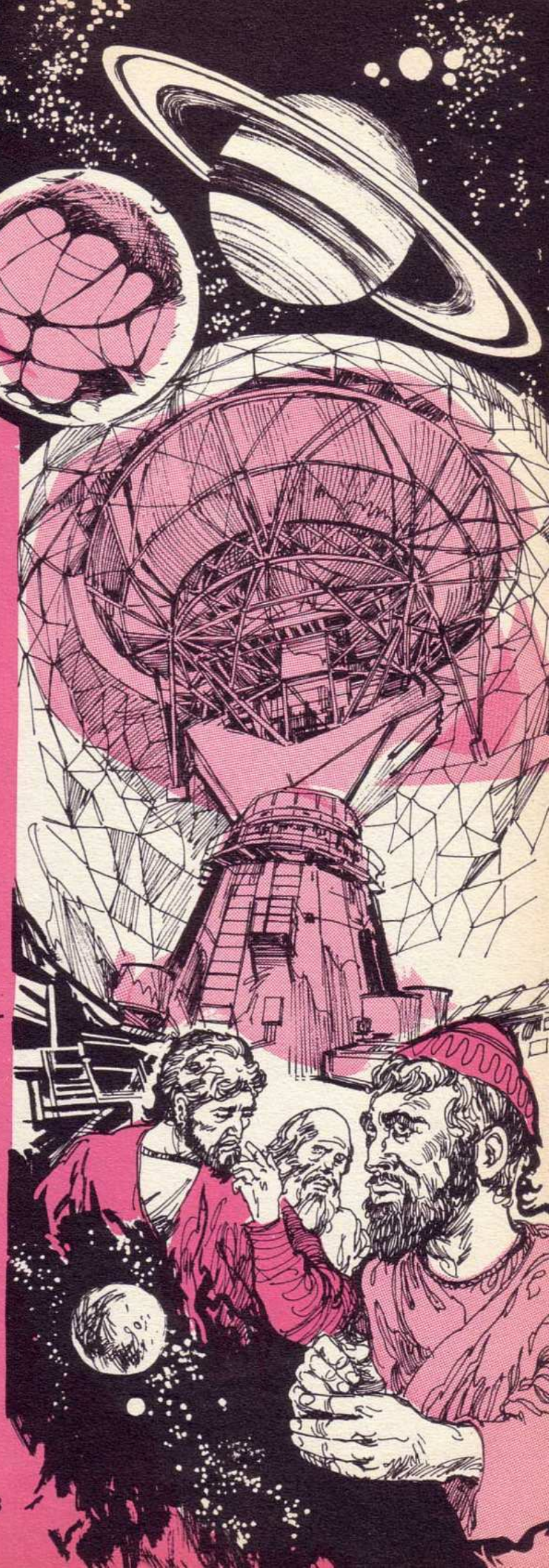
The Sumerians of the third millenium B.C. believed that the world was a flat disc of earth and that the sky was a metal dome across which the Gods moved the Sun, Moon, Planets and Stars.

In ancient Babylon they believed they were living on the surface of a hollow mountain. The inside of the mountain was the land of the dead. Their whole world floated on an endless sea and the sky was a solid arc.

The Hindus had many fascinating views of Earth. One of these was that the World was supported on the backs of elephants who, in turn, were standing on a mighty turtle. The cause of earthquakes was movement by the elephants.

The Greek philosopher Thales saw Earth as a flat disc floating on water. The water extended into the heavens to form the sky, making a vast blue overhead sea.

Anaximander suggested that the Universe was a series of flaming rings that were enclosed in mist. The Sun, Moon and stars were seen through the gaps in the mist. In the centre of these flaming rings hung Earth, shaped like a drum.



TIMECHASE



A dog-bayed mournfully as though calling a greeting to the newly risen moon. In the long grass of the neglected orchard a rabbit sat nervously erect, alerted by some unaccustomed sound. Far away across the lawns, lights gleamed from the windows of the old house. No breath of wind stirred the still warm air. Reassured, the rabbit went back to its task of stripping the bark from the main stem of a young sapling. Something moved in the tangle of the huge briar bush. Only a small movement, but the sound was magnified in the silence of the early evening. The rabbit froze for a moment and then, with a thump of its back legs, it bounded away towards the safety of its burrow.

The briars trembled with movement as something pushed slowly through them. The moonlight glinted on a disc of optical glass: the 'eye' of a Dalek. It swung in a slow arc, scanning the area ahead. It registered the low brick building that stood, surrounded by trees, at the edge of the shrubbery.

The Dalek's metal bulk, impervious to the savage thorns of the briar, edged forward a few inches. Again it cautiously surveyed the area. Then, in a voice so low as to be hardly audible, it whispered, "Laboratory-in-darkness. We-will-proceed."

From behind the bush there was the sound of movement. Two more of the monsters edged up to join the first.

The three Daleks had landed on Earth several days earlier. Their small ship had touched down

on precisely the spot selected by Skaro control, a soft, boggy piece of marshland ten miles from the house and laboratory.

The Daleks had disembarked swiftly and made their way to firmer ground. They had turned to watch their ship sink slowly from sight beneath the bubbling mud of the marsh. Only when they were satisfied that no trace of it remained did they move off towards their destination.

On the fourth night after their arrival there was a terrible thunderstorm. The Daleks had taken advantage of the blinding wind-driven rain to slip through the security cordon that surrounded the grounds of the old country house and its top secret laboratory. Then they had waited in the

cover of these great bushes until the moment was right. That moment was fast approaching.

The leading Dalek edged further out from its cover, then halted sharply. The lens of its 'eye' shifted focus to the deep shadows of the big trees that stood near the doorway of the laboratory. Something had moved: a human figure; then another.

The Dalek waited motionlessly. The two figures glided along with the silence of clouds. For a moment they vanished behind the trunk of an ancient beech tree, then they appeared again and scuttled towards the door of the laboratory.

David pressed into the shelter of the doorway. He was excited and nervous as he searched for the key he had 'borrowed' from his uncle's pocket. Beside him his younger brother, Peter, urged him to hurry.

The door swung silently open and the two boys stepped inside.

"Don't put the light on yet," hissed David, as his brother's hand hovered over the switch.

The older boy gently closed the door and then glanced around swiftly at the windows to ensure all the shutters were closed. Satisfied, he touched Peter's arm and an instant later the room flooded with the white glare of the overhead lights.

They looked around the unfamiliar laboratory. This was only the second time they had ever been inside.

Peter turned and grinned at his brother. "Well. We've done it," he said.

David seemed a little less confident. "We'll be in terrible trouble if uncle ever finds out."

"Stop worrying," Peter said shortly. "We won't be found out. And anyway we're not going to do any harm. Just have a look around."

The boys turned their attention to the things

they had come to see: the Time-Conveyers. There were two of them. They were not very impressive. Rather like big square frames of scaffolding with instruments and controls clipped to the bars. They were known as Mark One and Mark Two. They were identical.

On the work benches that lined the walls of the laboratory were trays of empty sherry glasses and plates. There were some platters that contained a few, now curling, sandwiches, left over from the press reception earlier in the day. The place had been crowded with representatives from newspapers and scientific magazines, all waiting eagerly to hear about the new and incredible invention. The boys' uncle had been very proud and pleased to talk about his machines.

"They are," he told his attentive audience, "a major scientific breakthrough."

He had gone on to say that there were still many problems to overcome and that the machines were not yet perfect. However it was



now totally feasible to make journeys forward or backward in time. It was possible to visit ancient Rome or a city of a thousand years into the future. Of course there were dangers. So far he had not been able to stabilise the 'time transference'. It was not yet possible accurately to choose the period one wanted to visit. Nor, and this was the most dangerous part, could one be absolutely certain of returning to the time and place one had left. This last was the reason for building two machines. The Mark Two was in fact a rescue ship should anyone become lost in time.

Peter and David had been allowed in to watch the demonstration. A few selected people were carried back in time for six months. They found themselves in the awful blizzard that had raged during Christmas. They seemed quite glad to return to mid-summer.

The press conference had been a triumph. Uncle was overwhelmed with questions and praise. And though Peter and David were very pleased for their uncle, they also felt very fed-up

because they were not permitted to go near the Time-Conveyers. This is why they had sneaked the key. They wanted their own private view of the machines.

David giggled and put his hand on the main power switch. "How do you fancy a trip to the Holy Lands at the time of the Crusades?"

"Stop it. Don't mess about with it," Peter cautioned.

David had an idea. "Why don't we take ourselves forward. Just to tomorrow night. We'll have a quick look at tomorrow's evening paper and see which horses won all the races. Then we'll come back and in the morning we'll bet all our pocketmoney on the winners. We'll be millionaires. We couldn't lose."

Peter, who had a healthy respect for money, hesitated; then reluctantly shook his head. "No," he said firmly. "We agreed we'd just come and have a good look around and that's all."

He had hardly finished speaking when there was a tremendous crash. The laboratory door burst open with shuddering violence. A Dalek seemed to explode into the room. The boys froze with shock. Their eyes bulging.

Two more Daleks followed into the room. The door was closed.

"Stand-to-one-side," the Dalek commanded, levelling its gun unwaveringly at them.

They did as they were ordered, and the Daleks slithered past them and began to file into the nearest time machine.

David found his voice.

"How . . . how did you get here?" he asked. "There is a ring of security troops all around this area."

"Our - superior - intelligence - allowed - us - to - pass - through - the - lines - unnoticed."

It was Peter's turn. "What are you going to do?"

"Our - information - network - reported - the - development - of - a - time - travel - machine. We - will - take - it - to - Skaro - where - our - scientists - will - examine - and - improve - it. We - will - then - use - it - to - change - the - course - of - history."

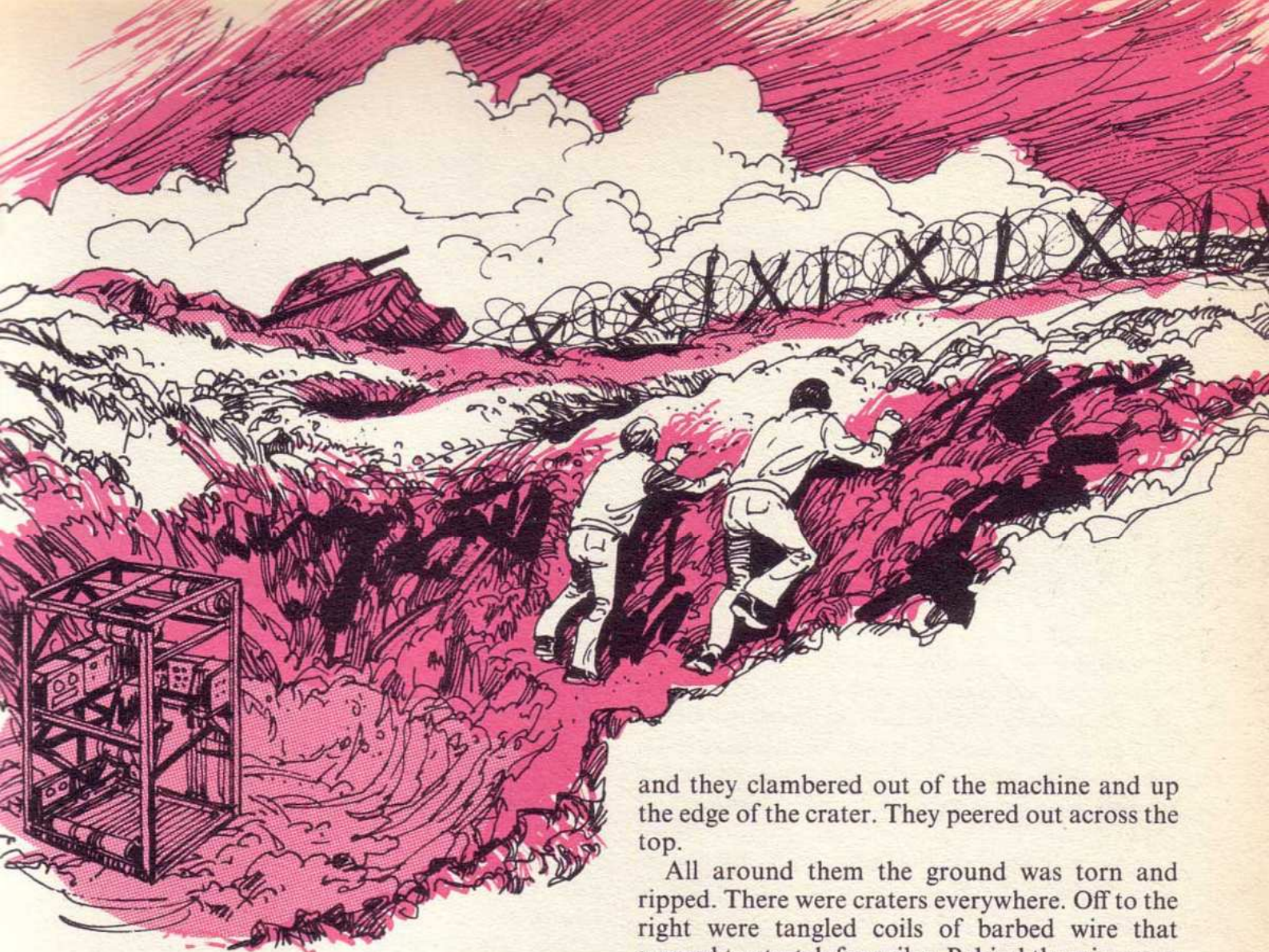
"You can't!" shouted David. "You mustn't!"

But already the Dalek had made an adjustment on the calendar scale. A second Dalek pushed down the power control.

The Time-Conveyer seemed to pulse with life. The light around it changed colour and it shimmered like hot sun on a tarmac road.

As the boys watched with wide frightened eyes, the outlines of the Time-Conveyer and the Daleks inside it began to blur. The shape became fuzzier.





The glow of light around it burned to a blinding brightness. Then it was suddenly gone.

David was the first to move. He shook himself free of the almost hypnotic spell that had been cast on him as he watched the de-materialization.

Hardly thinking, he grabbed his brother's arm and dragged him forward into the Mark Two Time-Conveyer. He shoved the power unit down.

Both boys felt a strange tingling sensation. The walls of the laboratory seemed to dissolve. There was the feeling of being neither awake nor asleep, a strange lightness in which their bodies seemed to hang in space without weight or bulk.

Peter heard his brother's voice. It sounded distant and echoing, as though the words were being shouted down a long iron pipe.

"We have to go after them. We must get it back." Then there was a moment of total blackness.

The boys opened their eyes. Their dizzy feeling quickly passed. They looked around. The day was bright with sunlight. The Time-Conveyer stood at the bottom of a gaping muddy crater.

"We'd better see where we are," Peter said,

and they clambered out of the machine and up the edge of the crater. They peered out across the top.

All around them the ground was torn and ripped. There were craters everywhere. Off to the right were tangled coils of barbed wire that seemed to stretch for miles. Behind the wire were neat rows of sandbags. A little way off, lying on its side, was what looked like a tank. It had a sort of gun turret and tracks, but it seemed terribly old fashioned and primitive.

David heaved himself a little higher on the rim of the crater.

About two hundred yards away was the Mark One Time-Conveyer. Through the open framework they could see the Daleks desperately trying to make adjustments to the calendar control. One of them had stepped outside the machine and stood looking around warily as though it was on guard.

"What are we going to do?" Peter muttered.

"I don't know," his brother answered, his voice worried. "They're obviously having trouble with the time mechanism. Uncle said it wasn't perfect yet. All we can do for the moment is follow them through time. Then, the moment we get a chance, one of us will have to try and get into the Mark One and set it back for the laboratory."

Before he finished speaking his words were drowned by a long lazy whining sound in the air above them.



A shell hit the ground ahead of them. A cloud of mud and debris billowed into the air. The boys felt the shockwave of the blast sweep across them. In a moment the whole sky seemed to be filled with the scream of shellfire, and the muddy ground was erupting in a swirl of smoke and explosions.

"We're in the middle of an artillery bombardment," Peter shouted above the roar. "We've got to get out of here."

A shell burst very close to them and they felt the hail of stones and earth rain down on them. The air reeked with the smell of cordite, and acrid smoke writhed across the ground.

There was a shout, and then the roar of men's voices. The sound came from behind the line of sandbags. As the boys watched, men started to clamber up over the sandbags. They wore strange grey uniforms. There were spiked helmets on their heads. They carried long rifles with bayonets fixed to the muzzles.

More and more of the men poured up over the trench top and advanced slowly across the broken ground.

From another point came the sudden chatter of machine gun fire. Lines of glowing tracer bullets shrieked across the space towards the advancing troops.

Men began to fall. Others moved up into the line to take their place. They came like a grey wave. Rifle fire joined the machine gun rattle, and the grey wave wavered and thinned as more and more men fell.

For the first part of the advance the smoke of the barrage had obscured the Daleks and the Time-Conveyer. The guarding Dalek saw the

advancing troops in the same moment as they saw it.

The Dalek moved towards them, its gun spitting a broad arc of fire. The front rank of troops fell, and yet more marched in to take their place. They fired close volleys from their rifles, their bullets spattering harmlessly against the Dalek's metal flank.

Several of the soldiers hurled stick grenades that blew the Dalek sideways but still did not destroy it.

More bombs were hurled, and even the heavily armoured Dalek began to feel the effect. A grenade burst in the air just above the head of the Dalek. Its stemmed 'eye' was blown away. Blinded and reeling the creature continued to blaze its devastating wall of fire.

The boys watched in horrified fascination. So intent were they on the scene of terrible carnage that they almost missed the fact that the other Daleks in the Time-Conveyer were going through the de-materialization process. The outlines of the craft were fading quickly.

"They're going!" shouted Peter above the roar of the battle. The two boys scrambled and tumbled back down to the base of the crater and into the machine.

David pressed the power unit. As before, the

scene around them started to dissolve. They felt their bodies become lighter.

David had one moment before they blacked out when he looked up to the edge of the crater. A line of grey uniformed troops stood there, taking aim and pointing their rifles down at the boys. Another man was pulling the pin from a grenade. It curved down towards them.

David was never sure if he heard the explosion but he swore he saw the flash before the world went black again.

The wall of fire from the British trenches drove the German infantry back across the disputed hundred yards of Flanders mud. Both sides began to count their losses. That night a German patrol crawled out into No-Man's-Land to investigate reports of a new secret weapon.

They found the battered bulk of the Dalek half buried in the mud. None of the men could explain what they had found. Just a strangely shaped weapon was all they could report. The next day in another artillery barrage the Dalek sustained a direct hit and was scattered and destroyed forever.

There is no history of the Great War that records this incident, but two boys, who weren't even born at the time, know that a Dalek actually helped repulse a major German attack.

They were at sea. David knew it even before he opened his eyes. He could smell the sea, feel its gentle roll. He looked around. They were on a ship. Its sails billowed above their heads. The time machine had set down on what seemed to be the stern of the boat and was quite well hidden among some deck cargo.

"I wonder what the date is this time," Peter asked vaguely.

"What's more important is if we're still on the trail of the Daleks," his brother answered. "Let's have a look around."

They stepped carefully out onto the deck and edged their way along.

David halted and pressed his brother back out of sight.

From where they stood they could get a clear view of the main deck of the ship. Sailors were working casually at their tasks. Smoke wisped from the chimney of the galley and there was the smell of cooking food.

Peter peered carefully through a porthole. Inside the cabin was a table set for a meal. A kettle boiled gently on a stove.

There was a crashing sound from the door of a forward cabin and a Dalek burst out onto the deck.

"They must be in the hold," thought David.

The sudden appearance of the metal monster had a terrifying effect on the crew. There were screams and shouts. Men bolted along the deck in blind fear. One sailor found himself cornered against the rail of the ship, his escape blocked by the Dalek. In unreasoning terror he took the only route open to him and with a mighty leap flung himself over the side. He splashed into the waves below. It was like a signal to the other frightened men. In a moment they were following him; jumping, uncaring, unthinking, into the merciless sea.



Within two minutes of the Dalek appearing the whole crew had abandoned the ship. Its sails set, it drifted on, leaving them far behind, bobbing heads in an endless ocean.

The Dalek moved to the edge of the ship to gaze back at the swimming men.

With a sudden movement David darted forward. He crossed the few yards that separated him from the unsuspecting Dalek, and with all his strength shoved at its back.

Totally off guard, the Dalek slithered forward. For a moment it teetered and seemed that it would regain its balance. It started to turn, its gun coming up at the ready. Then the boat heeled slightly on its side and the movement tilted the deck and carried the Dalek over the edge.

The splash it made as it sank beneath the surface sprayed water up over David.

Peter, who had watched the action, now ran forward to the door where the Dalek had appeared. He glanced inside. The Mark One Time-Conveyer was going through its dematerialization process.

Peter shouted: "The Dalek's going."

Without another word the two boys ran to the

stern of the ship and threw themselves into the Mark Two. David hit the power switch.

The deserted vessel wallowed slightly. The kettle on the stove hissed its steam. The cooking breakfast bubbled warmly. The *Marie Celeste* sailed on, deserted, into history, to become one of the great mysteries of the sea. There were a thousand theories why she should have been abandoned, but no one ever dreamed the truth.

The air was hot. Scaldingly hot. There was the smell of fire and sulphur fumes.

David felt as though he was being roasted alive. He tried to peer through the billowing smoke. All around him was the sound of human voices. They wept and screamed with terror. And beyond there was a roaring thundering sound.

Peter opened his eyes. They were in a square of tall classical buildings. Groups of people in white flowing robes were running aimlessly around them. There was fear in the air.

The sky was filled with a dull angry red glow and flakes of hot ash wafted down, settling everywhere and covering the scene like a snowstorm.

SCI-FI-FILM-QUIZ

1. Hal. 2. *Forbidden Planet*.
3. James Arness. (Later to become famous as Marshall Dillon in *Gunsmoke*.)
4. Japan. 5. A Giant Gorilla. 6. A Huge Octopus.
7. *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. 8. Gigantic Ants.
9. Westminster Abbey. 10. *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.
11. In Giant Seed Pods. 12. *The Village of The Damned*.
13. Peter Cushing. 14. 20,000. 15. London.
16. The Amazon Jungle. 17. It Was Frozen. 18. Steve McQueen.
19. Arizona. 20. Energy and Metal.

ANTI-DALEK FORCE APTITUDE TESTS

TEST ONE

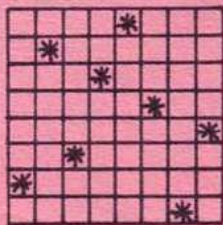
1. 5. 2. 11. 3. Simpson. 4. Dover Street.
5. 15—one on stretcher and one on tank turret. 6. Yes.
7. 3 o'clock. 8. 3. 9. 3. 10. 2. 11. There is one on Main Street.
12. 5. 13. Yes, by the butcher's shop. 14. 2 cows behind the church. 15. Yes. 16. Yes. 17. It leads behind the village at the top of picture. 18. Stone. 19. Yes. 20. 5. 21. Main Street.
22. Yes. 23. Yes. 24. Both—wheels drive the tracks. 25. Yes.

TEST THREE

1. Spain, 2. Australia, 3. South America, 4. The South Eastern quarter of England, 5. Italy, 6. Norway and Sweden.

TEST FOUR

To evade the Dalek Early Warning Scanners, the eight ships would have to fly in the formation shown here; no two ships in the same horizontal, vertical or diagonal line.



TEST FIVE

Dalek Number 3 is the Replica

SELECT A WORD



CRYPTOGRAPHY

CHECK YOUR

MESSAGE ONE

This is a simple reversal of the alphabet. A = Z, B = Y etc. Therefore, in code, the test message would read:

RMEZHRLM-LU-NZIH.

MESSAGE TWO

In this code you use the letters on either side of the actual letter. For example: A = ZB, B = AC and so on. The test message would look like this:

RT/OQ/ZB/BD/DF-RT/GI/HJ/OQ-CE/HJ/RT/ZB/AC/KM/DF/CE.

MESSAGE THREE

In this case the letters of the alphabet are given even numbers, but working backwards from the letter "Z"; so Z = 2, Y = 4, X = 6. The only letters excluded are the vowels, and these are given odd numbers, again working backwards: U = 1, O = 3, I = 5, E = 7, A = 9:

THE CODED TEST MESSAGE WOULD READ:

38/9/26/7/28-8/9/16-36/26/7/7/12-9/5/16/42/3/16/22/7.

MESSAGE FOUR

In this you substitute the letter you want with the letter three places behind it in the alphabet. For example: for the letter P use M, for T use Q, etc.

THE CODED MESSAGE SHOULD READ:

PMV PXQBIIQFB ILZXQBA.

It didn't take long for Major Shaw to break the code. He quickly discovered that starting at the "Z" end of the alphabet, every other letter was represented by an even number. The letters were also reversed. So the real letter "Z" = A, "Y" = 2, "X" = B, "W" = 4, and so on, alternating through the alphabet.

WHEN TRANSLATED THE VITAL MESSAGE READ:

Spy satellite in Skaro Orbit has transmitted photographs showing massive build up of long-range missiles. Essential

Across the square David caught a glimpse of the Mark One; then it was lost from view as a milling mob of people ran helplessly around it.

When the view was clear again, the boys saw that the Dalek was outside the machine, seemingly bewildered by the noise and confusion.

"Now is our chance," David yelled. "Get over there and press the return button. I'll bring this one back."

Peter wasted no time. He ran forward. Before he could help himself he was bowled over by a crowd of running people. As he picked himself up he caught sight of the mountain behind the town. Its peak belched smoke, and glowing streams of molten fire spilled down its sides.

"A volcano!" Peter thought.

He pushed his way forward through the struggling mobs. As he did so he glanced into a side street that led into the square. A white hot wall of molten lava was crawling forward, burying the town as it advanced.

The Dalek had realised its mistake in leaving the machine and was now struggling to return to it, but the mindless panic-driven crowd carried it before them.

Peter kept low, scrambling, crawling, ducking



between people's legs until finally he reached the machine. He dragged himself inside.

With a sudden rush, the wall of lava swept forward into the square. A second wave came from another direction, blocking all escape. It billowed around the screaming people. Then, like a flood closing over the land, it buried them and the Dalek in its terrible heat.

The eruption of the volcano Vesuvius on the twenty-fourth of August in the year seventy-nine AD buried the town of Pompeii. Excavations have revealed much of that town. Perhaps one day a dig will locate the remains of a Dalek.

The empty space on the floor of the laboratory glowed with light. Slowly the Mark One and Mark Two Time-Conveyers began to materialize. Peter and David stepped out of the machines. They looked at one another, but said nothing.

David was careful to lock the door as they left the laboratory and started to walk slowly back towards the house. Their uncle was standing on the terrace enjoying a pipe in the evening air. He smiled at them.

"Where have you two been?" he asked.

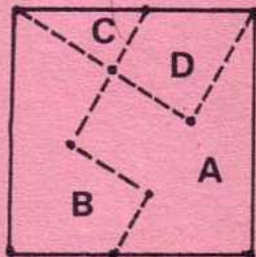
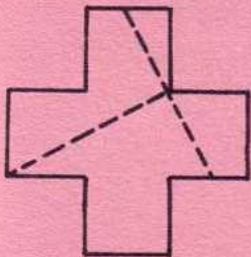
"Nowhere," David said. "Just wandering about."

ANSWERS

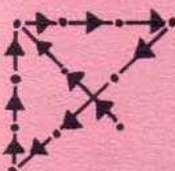
that the Special ADF Squad should launch all out attack immediately. It is believed that Daleks intend to use missiles to devastate all of Earth's capital cities and that the countdown has begun.

TIMEPASSERS

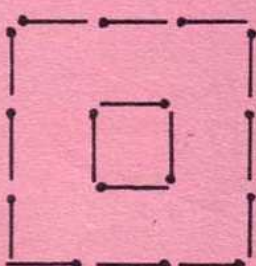
FAIR AND SQUARE:



STAR LINK.



MATCHLESS



RELATIVELY DIFFICULT
John and David Weston
are two of a set of
Triplets.

ROUTE MARCH

SEARCH AREA



Timepassers

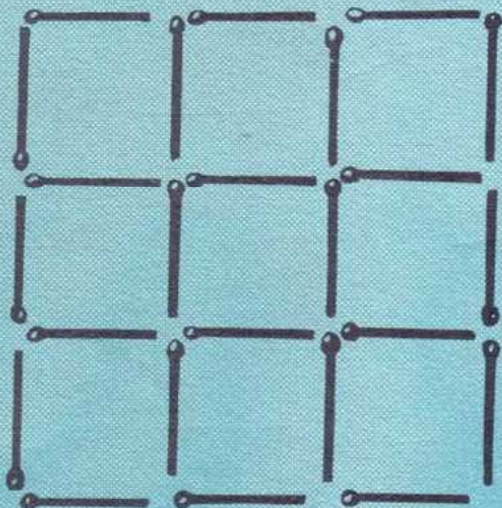
Routine journeys through Space can become long and tedious. To help overcome the boredom ADF members invent problems and puzzles that they call 'Timepassers'. Can you solve the ones shown below?

FAIR AND SQUARE

Make a cross exactly the same as this from a piece of paper. Using scissors to make only two straight cuts, you can split the cross into four segments, which when assembled correctly will form a perfect square.

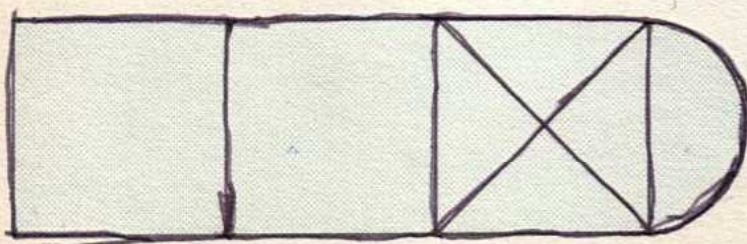
MATCHLESS

Remove eight matches and leave two complete squares.



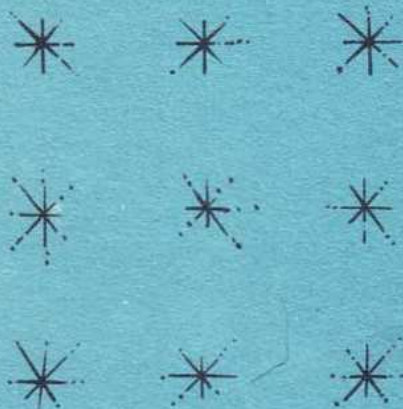
ROUTE MARCH

Draw this shape, keeping your pencil on the paper and not going over the same line twice.



STARLINK

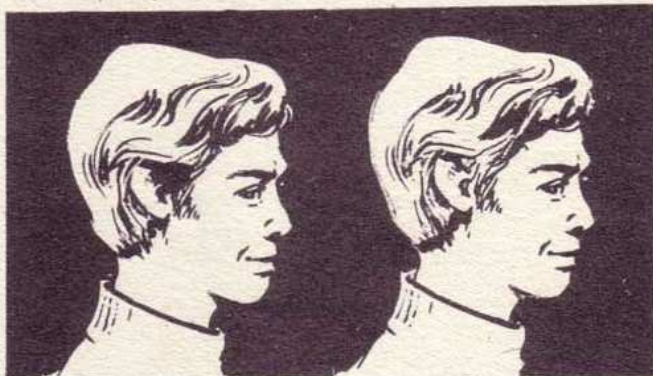
Link the nine stars together with four straight lines. Do not lift the pencil from the paper or go over the same line twice.



RELATIVELY DIFFICULT

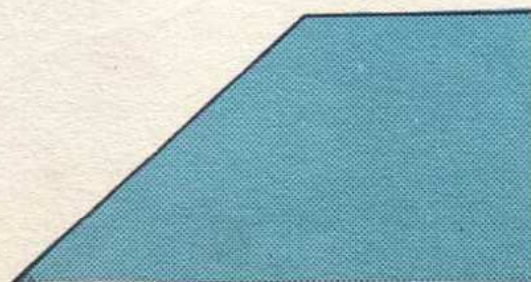
We are John and David Weston. We have the same mother and father. We were both born on the same day at the same address. We are physically identical and we are brothers. Despite all this we ARE NOT TWINS!

Explain the boys' relationship



SEARCH AREA

The mining rights of this piece of land must be equally divided between four Space Prospectors. How is it done?



The ISLAND of SEZAM

The island of Sezam is situated in a remote corner of Skaro's largest ocean, "The Sea of Death". Geologists tell us it was thrown up in some pre-historic volcanic eruption. Its unique formation is due to the effects of gigantic winds and waves on the molten lava. As it cooled and hardened its surface was laced with deep canyons and gorges made by smooth towering walls.

No one, including the DALEKS, has ever been able to find a pathway across the island. Reproduced below is a satellite photograph of Sezam. Can you find a route across the island? Travel from top to bottom.

SKARO ORBIT
SATELLITE
PHOTOGRAPH
OF THE ISLAND
OF SEZAM.



SBN 7235 0339 7



TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

annual 1976

